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PAN AMERICAN

EYEWITNESS: I SAW THE PLANE HIT BY A STREAK OF LIGHTNING 68 DIE IN HORRIBLE AIR DISASTER

Comment Of The Day

A NEW POST

A PARISH priest's life in a place like Hongkong is different from any other place in the world. His parish includes the clubs, the beaches, the cinemas, as well as the flats, the rooms and the stately residences of his congregation — English homes, American homes and Chinese homes. There is one who has distinguished himself in this unusual cosmopolitan atmosphere.

To most readers he is known formally as the Very Rev. F. S. Temple. He is the Dean of Hongkong, an enthusiastic, hard-working, fun-loving person who has made many friends in his six years here, many of whom have no connection with St John's Cathedral, the Church of England, or even Christianity.

He leaves early next week for England for a big appointment — senior chaplain to Dr Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury. Hongkong will miss him for outside his unusual parish "round" and his general church duties, he has done much work for the distressed and needy, for the refugees and the people called streetlepers. Bishop Hall called him one of the hardest-working people he had ever known.

He is an Englishman who has adapted himself to life in this East-West city in a way that all his friends will remember with affection. Among those who paid tribute to him earlier this week was the Governor, Sir Robert Black. It was a high honour, but a well-deserved one. The Cathedral loses a much loved minister. Hongkong loses a tireless worker for the well-being of its people. All over the Colony people wish him good luck, Godspeed, and happiness and fulfillment in his new job.

The Sky Was Littered With Falling Debris

Milan, June 26.

A Trans-World Airlines Constellation en route to Chicago burst apart in a thunderstorm and crashed tonight, killing all 68 persons aboard.

Flaming parts of the huge plane fell in a wooded area, at the height of a thunder, lightning and hail storm.

Disintegrates

Witnesses in nearby towns saw a flash of fire in the sky and heard a crash. One piece of the plane fell near an occupied farmhouse. Site of the crash was Cascina Aglesse, a hamlet 10 miles from Milan's airport.

The plane, with 60 passengers and a crew of nine had taken off from Milan's Malpensa airport 30 miles outside the north Italian city, and was in the air five minutes, fighting for altitude, when it disintegrated in flames.

One of the victims was identified as Prof. Maritz Scheffert, sister of the late atomic scientist Dr Enrico Fermi who helped develop the first atom bomb. She was en route to the U.S. to visit her brother's grave.

TWA officials in Rome at first believed there might have been three extra TWA officials aboard, making a total of 71 victims. But a further check showed they were among the 60 passengers.

The plane, 23 feet longer than a Super-G Constellation was part of the "jetstream" fleet of TWA.

Explosion

Reports from villagers said they thought the plane had been struck by lightning, although there has been no instance of a commercial aircraft destroyed by lightning bolts.

There have been at least six cases where thunderstorm turbulence has destroyed planes. A policeman said: "I saw the airplane hit by a streak of lightning. First a wing seemed to come off, then the tail, then the whole thing burst into flames and it plunged down, hitting the ground with a great explosion."

It was the worst civil aviation disaster of the year. It topped even the death toll in the New York crash of Lockheed Electra on February 2, flying from Chicago to New York, in which 65 persons were killed.

Mrs Rina Bruno of Legnano, one of the first persons to report the crash, said she and her husband saw an "enormous flash" and then heard the noise of the crash.

The plane's body and tail crashed far apart, rescue squads said.

Like A Fire

Firemen and police rushed to the scene from Milan and half a dozen nearby towns.

Another witness who was a few miles from the scene of the crash said he saw "something like a fire in the sky." "At first I thought it was only lightning, then I saw something fall and smoke rise from the ground," he said.

Rain hampered the work of the rescue squads. Hail pelted down on the rescuers. Lightning whipped through the sky.

Eyewitnesses said the plane was flying at an altitude of about 2,000 feet and was barely visible in the clouds and rain when the disaster occurred.

The plane disintegrated in the air and fell down in bits and pieces — first a wing, then other parts, then the engines and the fuselage, they said.

A hail of lighter pieces kept falling for several seconds after the big parts crashed.

The burning engines fell on a 5,000-volt power line.

They Flew

The fuselage fell less than 20 yards from a farmhouse known as Cascina Addobbati.

Farmer Davide Barbieri, 50, his wife, a 22-year-old daughter and a 15-year-old son, inside the farmhouse, escaped injury. They fled in terror.

This was Trans-World Airlines' first accident in its international service since 1949, a TWA spokesman said tonight. —UPI and Reuter.

Violation

London, June 26.

The New China News Agency said today that two United States Navy aircraft violated Chinese territorial air space over the Hsisha Islands of Kwangtung province yesterday morning.

The agency said a reconnaissance plane flew twice over the islands while a patrol plane intruded once. —Reuter.

BRITISH GIRL HELPS IN ROUTING SANDHURST CADETS

Salisbury, June 26.

A hundred British army cadets, routed by an invading force of 45 French cadets, can lay at least part of the blame on a pretty English girl, a Southern Command spokesman revealed here today.

The girl, Miss Jean Richards, had a rendezvous with one of the French leaders in a pub at Wareham, Dorset, near the field where the invaders landed by parachute on Wednesday night.

Their two objectives — electronic equipment supposed to be able to reverse the direction of guided missiles, and the professor who invented the device — were both on the other side of the river Frome, the spokesman said.

The Sandhurst (British) cadets were guarding all the bridges but Miss Richards led the French across a shallow part of the river and through the British lines.

"She lives in Camberley, near

the Sandhurst Royal Military Academy.

"The Sandhurst cadets are not at all upset about it," the army spokesman said.

"They inflicted quite heavy casualties on the French and they may have their revenge later this year when they'll probably invade Brittany."

The English cadets invaded France last year and won hands down with the help of a Frenchman who met them with a car. —China Mail Special.

Rain Again Threatens Heavyweight Fight

New York, June 26.

The hard-luck Floyd Patterson-Ingemar Johansson heavyweight title fight was threatened with rain again tonight as ring time approached at Yankee Stadium.

Thunderstorms in the area caused intermittent drizzle and forced the attendants to unroll a tarpaulin over the trackwork above the lights, high over the ring.

The crowd came very slowly into the wet stadium. Many of them wore raincoats, and some of those who didn't bring their own umbrellas there, from vendors in the field.

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RESULT TO BE PUBLISHED

The result of the Johansson-Patterson world heavyweight title fight will be published in later issues of the Saturday Mail, as soon as it is received in Hongkong.

Both Patterson and Johansson were still at their New York hotels and "incommunicado" until they enter the ring. Both men took light exercise during the 24-hour postponement.

Reporters, concerned over the possible effects the heat and humidity might have on the Swedish challenger, received word from the Johansson troupe that "he can fight under any circumstances."

THE HEAT

Johansson sent word that he felt a little stronger than he did yesterday "because I have had more rest." He has not boxed in almost a week.

The New York heat was reminiscent of the night in 1952 when Sugar Ray Robinson and referee Rudy Goldstein collapsed when Robinson challenged

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HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

Scottish Shangri-la In Italy!

It All Started With A Company Of Soldiers Of Fortune

By ALDO TRIPPINI

Gurro, Italy.

A GNARLED old lady with checkered petticoats and black cloth slippers trimmed with tam-lake pom-poms handed a basket to a highland-fair young man in a Tartan plaid shirt and burred:

"Ay, cheerl, gheers I tuhmahtes."

A yellowed church register showed names like Patrick and Thomas, McDonald and Rudelguy.

An old man lamented the time when he threw away his kilts for the newfangled modern trousers of this century.

Scurried Away

Shy blonde girls in headscarves, embroidered blouses and corsets scurried away through the steep, narrow lanes of this village of 818 clannish souls clinging to the harsh rock with mountains rising to dramatic heights beyond.

I might have been in a remote village far into the Scottish Highlands, in some other century.

But this was Italy, 1958, and these villagers were Italian for all their Scottish burs.

This is a four centuries old Scottish shangri-la hidden deep in the Italian Alps just two air miles from the Swiss frontier. The forbearers of its inhabitants were Scottish, and this Highland blood and the village's amazing history explain why one expects at any moment to hear the shrill of bagpipes breaking the mountain silence.

King Francis I of France counted a company of Scots mercenaries among his best when he met Spanish Emperor Charles V in battle at Pavia in 1525.

But even the flashing swords of the Scots could not save the day and the Spaniards won, taking Francis himself prisoner.

Broke Away

The Scots refused to surrender to the Spaniards, broke away from the victorious enemy and hacked their way 100 miles through hostile territory to the shores of Lake Maggiore.

The Alps blocked their further retreat, but here was country the fighting Scots knew, country like their own hard-life rocky craggy back home.

With the enemy at their heels, they melted away into the Highlands, the mountain mists closing behind them.

The valiant Scots and their descendants have been here ever since, hidden from the outside world by the mountain wilderness and their own clannish desire to be left alone.

Much of the story of the Scots, told by parish priest Giuseppe Plombini, 55, may be speculation or tradition. There was no written record of their coming.

But there is no doubting the Scottish names, surviving to the letter as late as four centuries ago, found in a church register by the priest.

There was no mistaking the burr in the speech of the villagers.

A Swiss speech expert visited Gurro not long ago and recorded 800 Scottish dialect word-roots.

He also found 500 German and 350 French word-roots, speculating that the Scots were joined by a few defeated French, and German soldiers when they fled from the Spanish.

But the Scots-English is most noticeable, with these Italians using "ay" instead of "si" for "yes" and "nah" instead of "non" for "not."

New Campaign

Take the slogan of a new campaign headed by Mayor Battista Porta, a 75-year-old shepherd to save Gurro Scots dialect from the intrusion of "outsiders" Italian. In a petition to Italy's Ministry of Education, he asked, "Let's save our dialect."

Spoken, it would be "savahl nos dialect," about as far from pure Italian as the burr of a Glasgow dock worker.

The worst threat to the dialect now is the radio and the telephone, both recent additions to the few luxuries craggy Gurro offers.

Otherwise, there is little everyday contact with the outside world.

There are no cars in the village—the widest "street" is five feet — and the only road to Gurro, built only late last century, has to be negotiated in low gear for all the four miles from a highway.

When the Scots soldiers sought their hiding place four centuries ago, they climbed up this hidden valley on the northern slopes of 7,100-foot Mt Zeda until they came to the ruins of an old Roman hamlet.

Tradition says they sheltered there for a year, then moved half a mile up the slope to build their new village of Gur, which later was Italianised into Gurro.

Kidnapped

Some of the ancient houses, with the wooden walls of their upper stories overhanging the narrow lanes, strongly resemble old Scottish architectural styles.

The Scots were said to have kidnapped young girls from neighbouring Italian villages during their early years at Gur and married them by force to start new families.

Until as late as seven years ago, a steadfast tradition in the village was for all marriages to be performed in the middle of the night.

After the first Scottish settlers had their families however, they closed themselves off from the outside and intermarried until now there are only five "clan" names in the village: Porta, Cerioli, Bergamaschi, Dresti and Fajritti.

It takes no word expert to see the last two as the Desmond and Patrick in the old church register.—UPI.



Washing up doesn't worry Diana Powell of West Byfleet. She just loads up this new machine, pops in some detergent and turns on the tap.

In ten minutes the dishes are clean and Diana's hands are still dry. The machine was shown at the International Plastics Exhibition at Olympia, London, during the week.—Reutersphoto.

THE UNBORN—FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE AGAINST NEUROSIS

Atlantic City.

A PANEL of medical scientists heard it suggested that the things that can happen to people before birth might be the most important events of their lives.

The suggestion was made by Dr. A. S. Norris of the State University of Iowa. When science knows more than it knows now, he said, the obstetrician will be able to practice preventive psychiatry on behalf of the unborn. In fact, he will be "the first line of defence against mental illness," Norris said.

A PITY

Norris thought it a pity science has paid so little attention to the influences of people's before-birth environments while making elaborate studies of how after-birth environments mould people into what they are, good and bad.

He pointed to the situations in which before-birth environments rob after-birth environments of most if not all moulding influence. Some human beings die before they are born. Others are born mentally or physically defective. The accident was on the bad, of course, because science is ignorant of the good which before-birth environments create beyond the fact that most people at birth are quite normal.

But people are born with astonishing endowments of body and mind, as well as with defects, and science has never been able to show heredity is the FULL explanation. Norris's complaint, basically was that the little which is known points to the importance of happenings in the before-birth environments.

CIGARETTE DENS IN THE FUTURE?

London.

THE Royal Society of Health predicted some big new world will offer cigarette smokers all the facilities of an opium den.

The current issue of the society's journal said an "enlightened" nation of the future will provide a few smoking dens for tobacco addicts to enjoy themselves.

But the Royal Society admitted too many persons smoked nowadays for a few public smoking dens to handle.

NATION-WIDE

In order to cut the tobacco using population down to den size, the journal suggested a "nation-wide" scheme of preventive action which should be launched forthwith.

The article said such an anti-smoking campaign would save lives, but it noted that it would take "a number of years" before any such campaign could show results.—UPI.

Off On Another Walking Jaunt On His Hands Only

Lowcost. JAMES HUGHES 72, was off again on another of his 500-mile walking jaunts. Hughes has no legs.

He has spent most of his latter life touring England, walking up to five miles a day on his hands. He lost both legs in a railway accident when he was two.

"It's not such a bad life," he said. "I can walk up to five miles a day on my hands. If I want to go any further in a day, I take a bus or train."

Hughes said he sleeps in the open country, in a grassy field, but it noted that it would take "a number of years" before any such campaign could show results.—UPI.

don on a round trip from Liverpool, about 500 miles. He holds wooden blocks in his hands as he walks to protect the skin. A thick pad is tied to the lower part of his body. "Some people are hostile but others do not try to help me," he said. "I don't want help. I just want to be alone."

Fined £5 For Asking For A Date

Newcastle. GEORGE Adamson, 42, was fined £5 for asking a woman for a date.

Adamson is a taxi driver, and the reason he tried to date was his passenger, Mrs. Catherine Thomas, 27.

"The only thing I am guilty of is asking for a date," Adamson told the court.

The judge agreed, but ruled that this violated a bye-law and constituted a failure to conduct himself "with propriety" to a woman passenger.—UPI.

BLOOD MONEY

Glasgow. Thieves who broke into a Barholm Square butcher's shop were clever enough to find £225 the proprietor had hidden in a sausage-cutting machine. But they cut themselves so badly getting the money out that they had to break into a drug store next door and steal bandages and ointments for their wounds, police said. Counters at both places were covered with bloodstains.—UPI.

CAPITOL

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& His
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At Reduced Prices



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THE
DEFIANT
ONES

UNITED ARTISTS

HONGKONG CENSORBOARD REMARKS:

NOT SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW — AT REDUCED PRICES

AT 10.45 A.M.

Randolph Scott in

"TEN WANTED MEN"

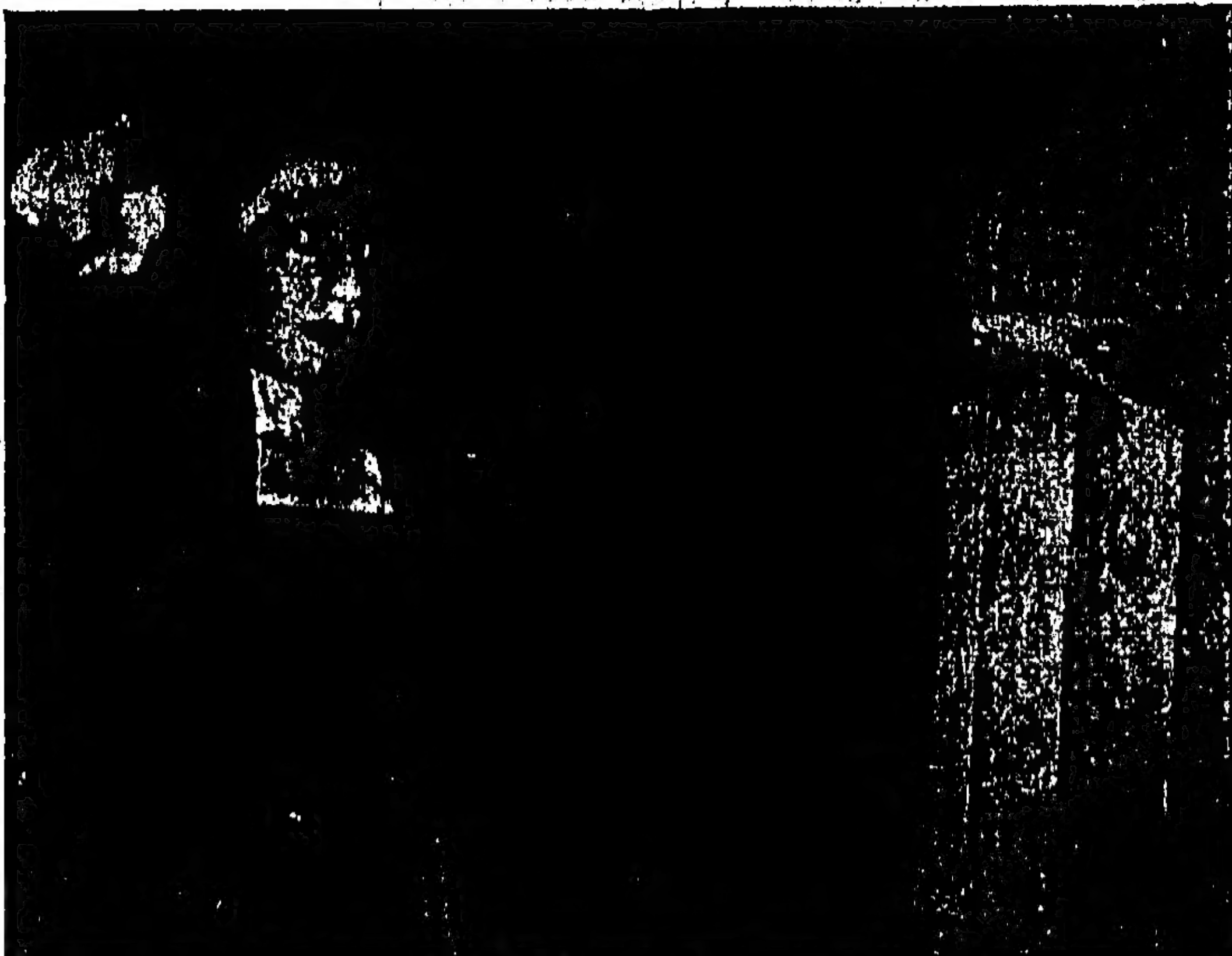


AT 12.30 P.M.

Robert Wagner in

"A KISS BEFORE DYING"

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



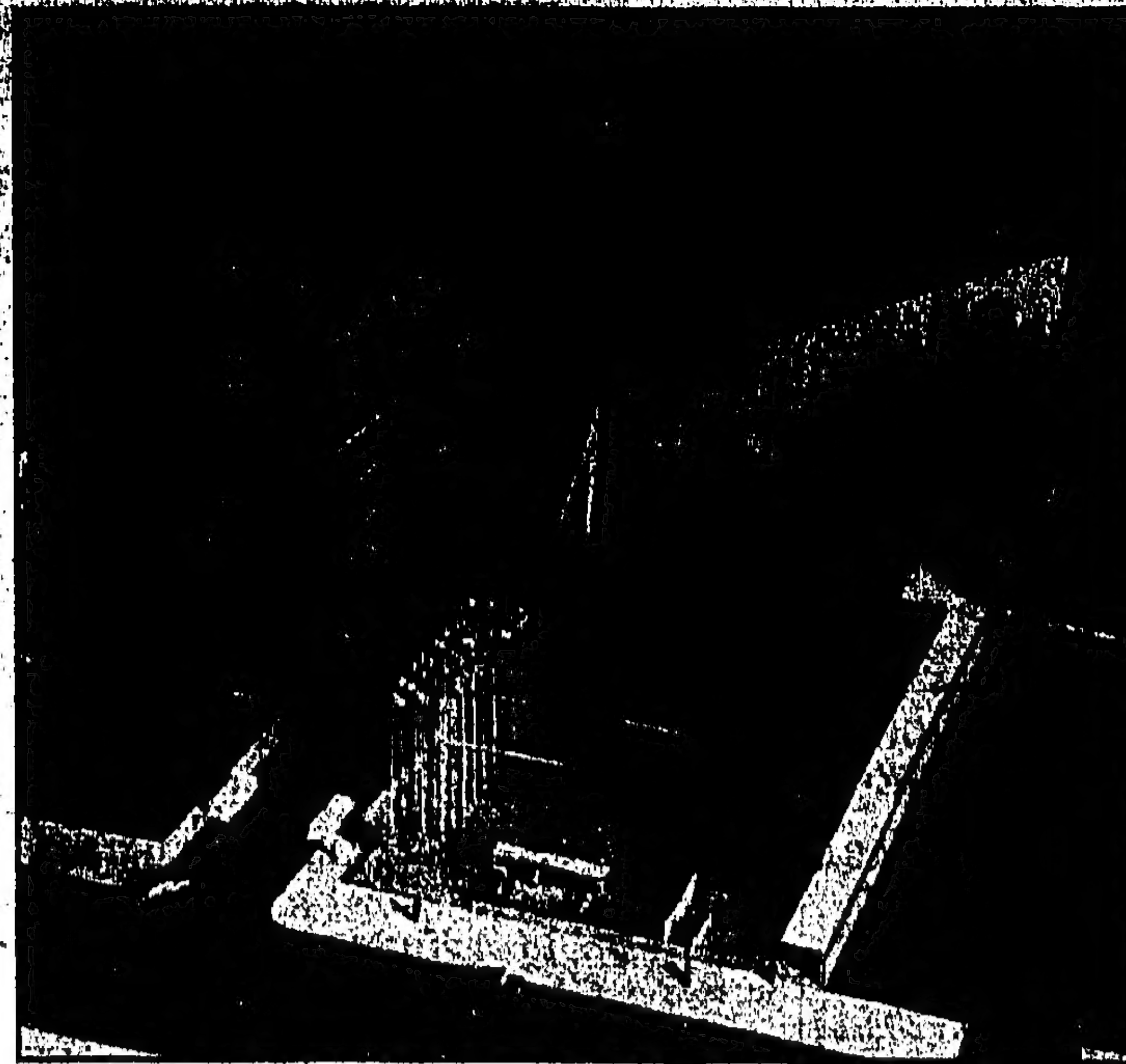
ABOVE: The other night's performance of Medea at the Covent Garden opera house was coincidentally a show-piece of Greek talent. Directing was Alexis Minotis; the sets were by John Tsarouchis; the plot was of course ancient Greek; and star of the evening was fiery soprano Maria Callas in the title role. And in the audience were 36 guests of ship-owner Aristotle Onassis. Picture shows tempestuous Maria Callas in Medea.

★
RIGHT: Brian London, staggered still by the £1,000 fine and six months suspension imposed by the Boxing Board of Control after he'd defied their ban on his title fight against Floyd Patterson, will be having his next fight in America. Recently, after talking over with his wife Veronica an offer to tour America, making fight and TV appearances at £35,000 a year, he said: "We've decided to accept. I'm in this game for money as I've always said—and this is big money." But first of all he's taking a holiday in Spain while his appeal against the sentence goes through. Picture shows Brian and Veronica—she's expecting a baby—leaving Cook's travel agency in Blackpool after booking for their Spanish holiday—on the Costa Brava.



ABOVE: Zelda Frank, miracle baby just one year old, played happily on the floor of her Reading, Berkshire, home the other day. Miracle baby because she has three holes in her heart. Her 39-year-old mother, Mrs Peggy Frank, had no trouble with three other children, but Zelda had bad bronchial bouts in her first month, twice seriously, and failed to put on weight. So she went to the Royal Berkshire Hospital for a check up, and was kept in a private ward for three months, before being sent on to Oxford's Radcliffe Infirmary, one of Britain's leading heart hospitals. And there specialists reported that she had three holes in her heart; and forecast that she only had another year to live. But at five months they operated, and successfully plugged one of the holes. Now she's building up strength for another operation—in July or August: an operation that could snatch for her a normal life expectancy.

★ ★ ★
BELOW: Goal of every education-minded Danish teenager is to get the red-and-white caps which mark them as having reached undergraduate status. Recently, the coveted head-gear was awarded to Princess Margrethe, heir-apparent to the throne, who has just finished her high-school course with all the necessary honours. Picture shows Princess Margrethe and friend Birgitte Juel, daughter of the court chamberlain, both proudly wearing their newly-awarded caps.



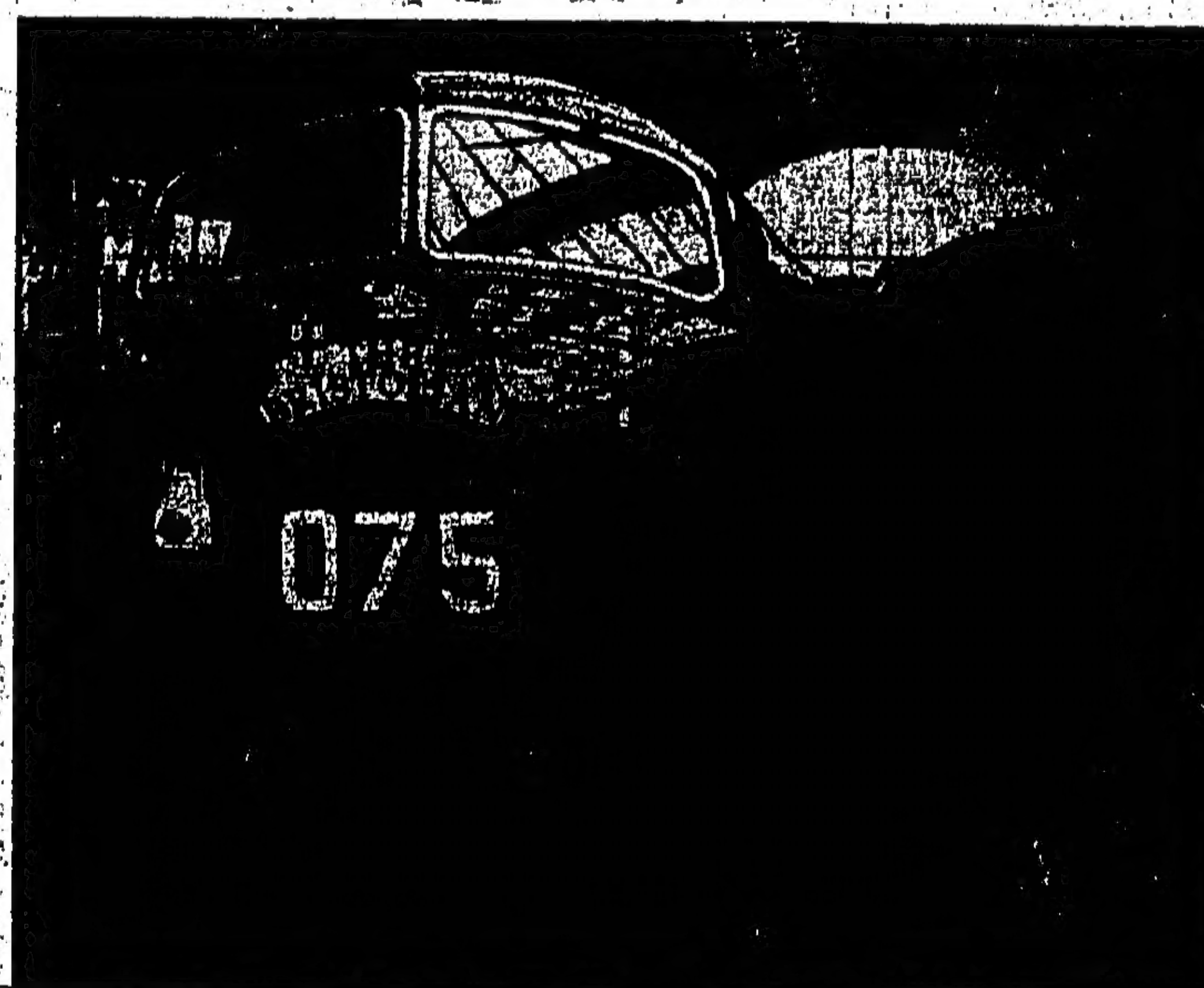
ABOVE: Model of the proposed Commonwealth Institute building which is to be built on London's Kensington High Street, with work starting in the spring of 1960. The warped roof covers the Exhibition Galleries; the Art Gallery and Cinema are to the north and the administration buildings to the south.



★
LEFT: Sunday at Smith's Lawn, Windsor—and as usual, horse-loving Princess Anne helps groom her father's polo ponies. Only last week she had a new helper, one who up to now hasn't seemed to care as much about horses as the rest of the family—Prince Charles.

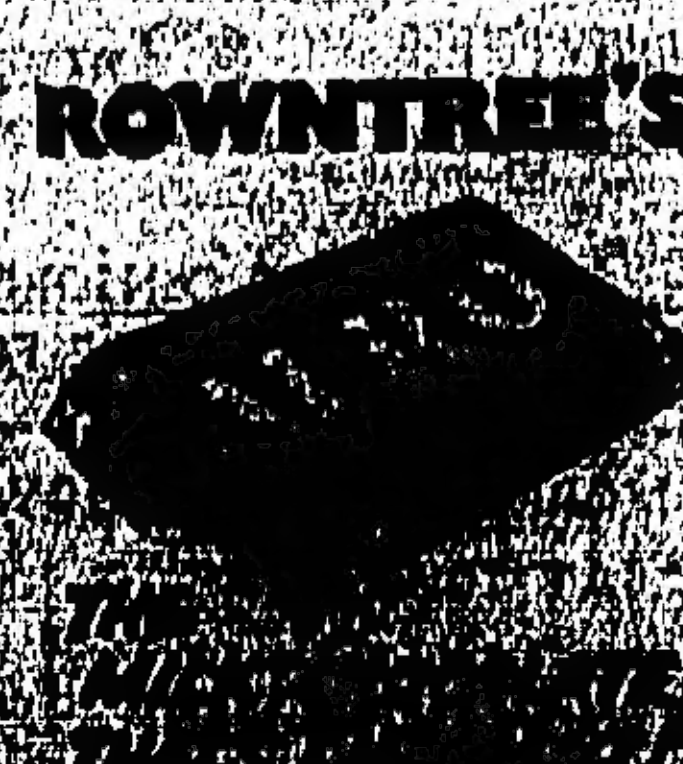
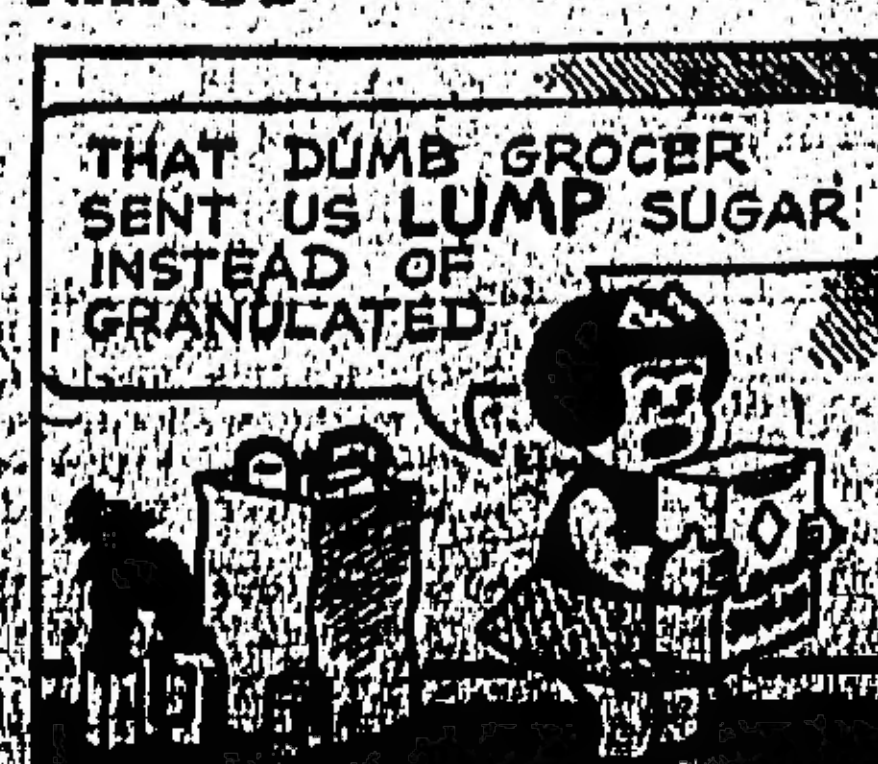


ABOVE: The yachting cynics say that the three most useless things you have in a boat are a wheelbarrow, an umbrella, and a woman. But some disagree, and some find themselves settled with a female crew. That's what happened to 30-year-old Brian Barnes, who came back from his two-week honeymoon with his bride Jackie, 20, to go skinning over the sea in their 20-knot Flying Dutchman boat "Fenton".



ABOVE: Britain's nationalised railways have an enviable reputation of being among the most outdated in the world. And the other day they took another step towards 1959 with the introduction of a new diesel service, the Bristolian, between London and Bristol. On its first run, the new train averaged 76.29 m.p.h. (122.77 km.p.h.) for the 118½-mile (190.29 km) run, which it completed in 93 minutes, 7 minutes earlier than expected, and 12 minutes earlier than the old steam schedule. Picture shows the Bristolian leaving Paddington.

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

Aboard a doomed liner... the dramatic minute-by-minute record...

The girl who woke in the wrong ship

IN Cabin 52 aboard the Italian luxury liner Andrea Doria the two little girls had been talking and giggling before they dropped off to sleep. This was their last night aboard. Tomorrow, when they woke up, the ship would be in harbour, in New York.

They were step-sisters, 14-year-old Linda Morgan and eight-year-old Joan Clafarra. Linda, by some privilege attaching to superior age, had taken the outside bed, under the two porticoes. Joan had a bed against the opposite wall. Mr and Mrs Clafarra were in the next cabin, No. 54.

Long before 11 o'clock the two girls were asleep. The Andrea Doria's siren, booming its warning through the fog, did not penetrate to their cabin.

Not was their sleep disturbed by the desperate change of course which the Andrea Doria made when, too late, the officers of the Italian liner and the gleaming white Swedish passenger liner Stockholm realised that their ships were irrevocably committed to courses which would bring them into collision.

Upheaval

Linda and Joan slept on until the moment when the Stockholm's bow, with the force of a maul, plunged itself deep into the side of the Andrea Doria.

It was the starboard side of the Doria which received the Stockholm's blow. Their cabin was on the starboard side and on the upper deck. It was the target for the highest tip of the Stockholm's prow.

Linda awoke in the midst of appalling upheaval. Everything

was black. Her ears were filled with terrifying sounds when she had not yet identified as the rending of metal and timber.

It was in Spanish she spoke her first words, for that was her primary language. She had been born in Mexico, and spent years of her childhood in Spain. "Donde esta Mamma?" she said. Where is mummy?

Scooped out

She was staring into the face of a seaman. And her words surprised him almost as much as the appalling fact of the collision.

For he too was Spanish. His name was Bernabe Garcia.

More than 2,000 people were aboard the two great ships that collided in the Atlantic on July 25, 1956. Some were brave, some were cowardly. Each of those who survived had a tale to tell of that night. But none had one to match that of the little girl in Cabin 52...

COLLISION COURSE

by ALVIN MOSCOW

Never before had he heard his native language spoken aboard his ship.

For his ship was not the Andrea Doria. It was the Stockholm. Little Linda Morgan, who had gone to sleep in her cabin in the Italian liner, was now aboard the Swedish ship. The Stockholm's bow had driven underneath her. When the ships separated it had scooped her out of her wrecked cabin.

She landed behind a metal barrier two and a half feet high, and 80 feet back from the nose of the Stockholm. This had shielded her from flying fragments of wreckage after she had been catapulted from one ship to another.

Now she lay in her torn yellow pyjamas saying "Donde esta Mamma?" to the one man in the Swedish ship who spoke Spanish—a man who happened to be near the wrecked prow because consciousness had driven him up from his quarters below for a breath of air.

Bewildered

Through a babble of voices Garcia had heard the thin cry of the girl calling for her mother.

It came from the wreckage on the open deck of the bow. He followed the sound, crawling on hands and knees, until he found her.

"Was your mother here?" he asked, bewildered. "She was here with me," the girl answered, continuing the conversation in Spanish. "But who are you?"

"I am a man from Cadiz." The conversation bordered on fantasy because neither realised what had happened.

Linda, whose last recollection was going to sleep in the Doria, was extricated from the wreckage by the Spanish seaman and two Swedish sailors.

Thinking Linda was a Stockholm passenger who had wandered to the ship's forecastle with her mother before the collision, the three men scanned the wreckage of the bow for the girl's mother.

About 50 feet away on the starboard edge of the deck, some 30 feet behind the peak, they caught sight of a human form. It was out of reach behind a jumble of wreckage.

But they did not mention this to the weeping girl, who cried repeatedly in pain, "I want my mama."

Carried in the arms of one of the Swedish sailors, Linda was intercepted on the way to the hospital by Chief Purser Dawe.

Mystery

"What happened to the girl?" Dawe asked, and in Swedish the sailor gave the officer his conjectured account of the two Stockholm passengers on the bow at the time of the collision.

The chief purser took from his pocket the passenger list for that voyage and asked: "What's your name?"

"Linda Morgan," she replied in English. "Where's my mother? Do you know where my mother is?"

"No, but I'll look for her," Dawe said.

The chief purser checked his list for the name Morgan and then for the name of the mother given him by the girl, Clafarra. "Where do you come from?" he asked, perplexed at finding neither name.

"From Madrid," she said. And that didn't help, for the Stockholm had sailed from New York.

To hospital

Finally, observing her different surroundings, Linda said: "I was on the Andrea Doria. Where am I now?" and the mystery was solved.

The first patient to reach the hospital that night, Linda was put to bed on a small couch in the doctor's consulting room of the ship's hospital.

Nurse Yvonne Macgregor administered a quieting drug and morphine sulphate to relieve her pain and she dozed in her



There, in the wreckage, lay a girl in torn yellow pyjamas...

any private room until the doctor, still attending to the crew in the bow, returned. As the story of Linda Morgan circulated among the Stockholm crew she became known and remembered to this day as the "miracle girl," the source of a modern sea legend.

But in the wreckage of Cabin 52 aboard the Andrea Doria her sister lay dead.

Huge hole

The sea poured into the Andrea Doria. No one ever put a tape measure on the gash in her side, but seven of the liner's 11 decks had been ripped open, from the Upper Deck down to the tanks of fuel and oil in the bottom of the ship.

The penetration was estimated to be close to 30 feet within the ship on the Upper Deck, less further down—probably only 16 feet at the water level at C Deck and about seven feet at the bottom deck.

The Andrea Doria shuddered under the tremendous blow and suddenly, within a minute, tilted sickeningly over on her right side.

Captain Calamai, the master, leaning over the bridge railing, saw furniture, luggage and all sorts of unidentifiable objects pouring out of the gaping hole and floating off as the ship zigzagged out of control.

Realising that the Doria was still at full speed ahead, Captain Calamai rushed to the engine telegraph inside by the wheelhouse.

He saw Second Officer Franchini transfixed at the wheelhouse entrance and shouted: "The watertight doors—see that they're closed!" The captain ran to the engine telegraph and jerked both handle controls to full stop. He stood there trembling. A nightmare had come to pass.

Nuns killed

Within that first minute or two after the collision, Calamai, Franchini, and the young third officer, Giannini, all suddenly realised that the Doria had not righted herself from the starboard list. The tilt of the deck was severe and it was difficult to maintain one's balance.

"What's the list?" cried out the captain, and Giannini turned his flashlight on the trim indicator on the forward wall of the wheelhouse.

The indicator needle, fluttering at 18 degrees, This seemed incredible to the young officer, for he knew that the modern Doria was not supposed to list more than 15 degrees at the very worst.

But he reported the trim indicator reading to the captain. No sooner did he call out the 18-degree list than the needle

crept to 10 degrees and 20 degrees.

To Captain Calamai this came like a second stroke to a man who had just suffered his first unexpected heart attack. It meant that his ship was sinking within minutes of the collision.

Immediately below the cabin occupied by Linda Morgan were tourist class cabins on A Deck.

Three women were killed there in Cabin 220, which was in direct line with the collision.

Another four women were killed in the adjacent cabin, and in the next cabin to that two Italian nuns, who had been travelling to the US to study hospital methods, lost their lives.

They had retired early at the suggestion of the ship's chaplain, Monsignor Sebastian Natta, in order to attend a 5:30 a.m. Mass.

In all, 10 women lost their lives on A Deck.

No chance

But the Stockholm's prow struck its cruellest blow that night on C Deck, where the smallest and cheapest cabins of the Andrea Doria were crowded together.

The families in the cabins in the line of collision, most of them Italian immigrants, never had a chance.

The death toll in the 13 cabins on the starboard side of the ship was greater than in the rest of the entire ship. Death must have been swift for the 20 persons killed in 11 of the cabins.

Those not immediately killed by the Stockholm's bow undoubtedly were drowned seconds later as the stricken Andrea Doria keeled on her side never to rise again, and C Deck, normally at the ship's waistline level, sank beneath the waves.

In one cabin in that section a 14-year-old Italian boy, Antonio Ponzil, was trapped in his upper bunk against the ceiling as the water poured in. The boy cried out to his cabin mate, whom he knew only by his Christian name—another Antonio. Kneeling in swirling water, the young man reached up and snagged the boy free.

Dancers fall

The cabin door was jammed. It defied all the elder Antonio's frantic efforts. Then, suddenly, an iron beam crashed to the floor. He picked it up and using it with the desperation of a man fighting for his life he smashed the door down. The two Antonio were the only passengers known to have escaped from the collision area on C Deck.

In the wake of death, a wave of implicit terror and confusion swept through the ship as

smoke, dust and water, mixed with a slime of fuel and diesel oil from ruptured tanks and pipelines, poured through the corridors.

Liquor bottles trembled on their shelves and toppled to the floor in the bars and lounges of the Promenade Deck.

Three simultaneous dances going on at the time came to a crashing halt.

Couples fell upon one another in a tangled mass on the dance floors. In the first-class Belvedere Lounge, the ship's most luxurious night club, musicians playing the popular Arrivederci, Roma, for the umpteenth time, leaped from their podium with their instruments.

The bar tender vaulted over the bar and sped from the room. The white-haired head waiter rushed about wiping up spilled drinks and reassuring the bewildered passengers that everything was all right.

Most of the passengers after the first moment of stunned surprise seemed intent upon reassuring one another that nothing could be seriously wrong. Morris Novik, founder and president of an Italian-language radio station in New York, was stopped short by the collision, one hand in the air (holding a drink), as he was making a fine point to his table companions on his favourite subject: politics.

"It's really nothing," he said. "Let's sit tight until we find out what's wrong."

Lights fail

Most people in the room did sit tight. Some rushed to the draped windows, but saw nothing in the night fog outside. But the mothers who had children sleeping below acted as mothers always do.

Actress Ruth Roman, for one, kicked off her high heels, forgot her dancing partner, and rushed from the room. She made straight for her double cabin 82-84, where she found her three-year-old son still sleeping. "Wake up, Dickie," she said softly, shaking him by the shoulder. "We're going on a picnic."

She gathered lifejackets and blankets from the cabin, and with a firm grasp of her sleepy son's left hand set off for the "picnic."

In the Belvedere Lounge, the rumours were going round. "We've hit an iceberg," exclaimed one woman loudly. "It's an explosion in the ship's machinery," stated one man firmly.

Others suggested that the ship had hit an unexploded mine... or a submerged wreck... or a small fishing boat... or a large freighter.

There was plenty of speculation and very little fright. The first-class passengers expected an amotomment would soon be

made, and while some headed for their cabins, many stayed in the lounge, waiting for some word of authority.

There was less calm in the cabin-class ballroom, where the band had also been playing Arrivederci, Roma, to a capacity audience.

The musicians in the crowded ballroom tried gallantly to pick up the interrupted strains of the song, but after a few bars the lights flickered off and that put an end to the music.

Chairs and tables were uprooted and sent flying across the room along with waiters, dancers, observers, drinks, glassware.

In the few seconds before the lights flashed on again, everything seemed topsy-turvy. Chaos ensued as chairs and tables slid across the floor and people scrambled about trying to flee.

At the same time, other passengers were fighting their way into the ballroom, which was the emergency muster station for cabin-class passengers.

Screams

In the darkened tourist-class room, which was being used as a cinema, sheet music at first gripped the passengers who had been engrossed in the antics of Jane Russell and Jeff Chandler in a film called Foxfire.

People were hurled to the floor, tables toppled over, and screams pierced the black room until the lights went on.

Then there was a bedlam of people struggling to get off the floor and falling again, of screams and cries. And then those who weren't scurrying off were on their knees, praying or weeping, or doing both.

Suffocating

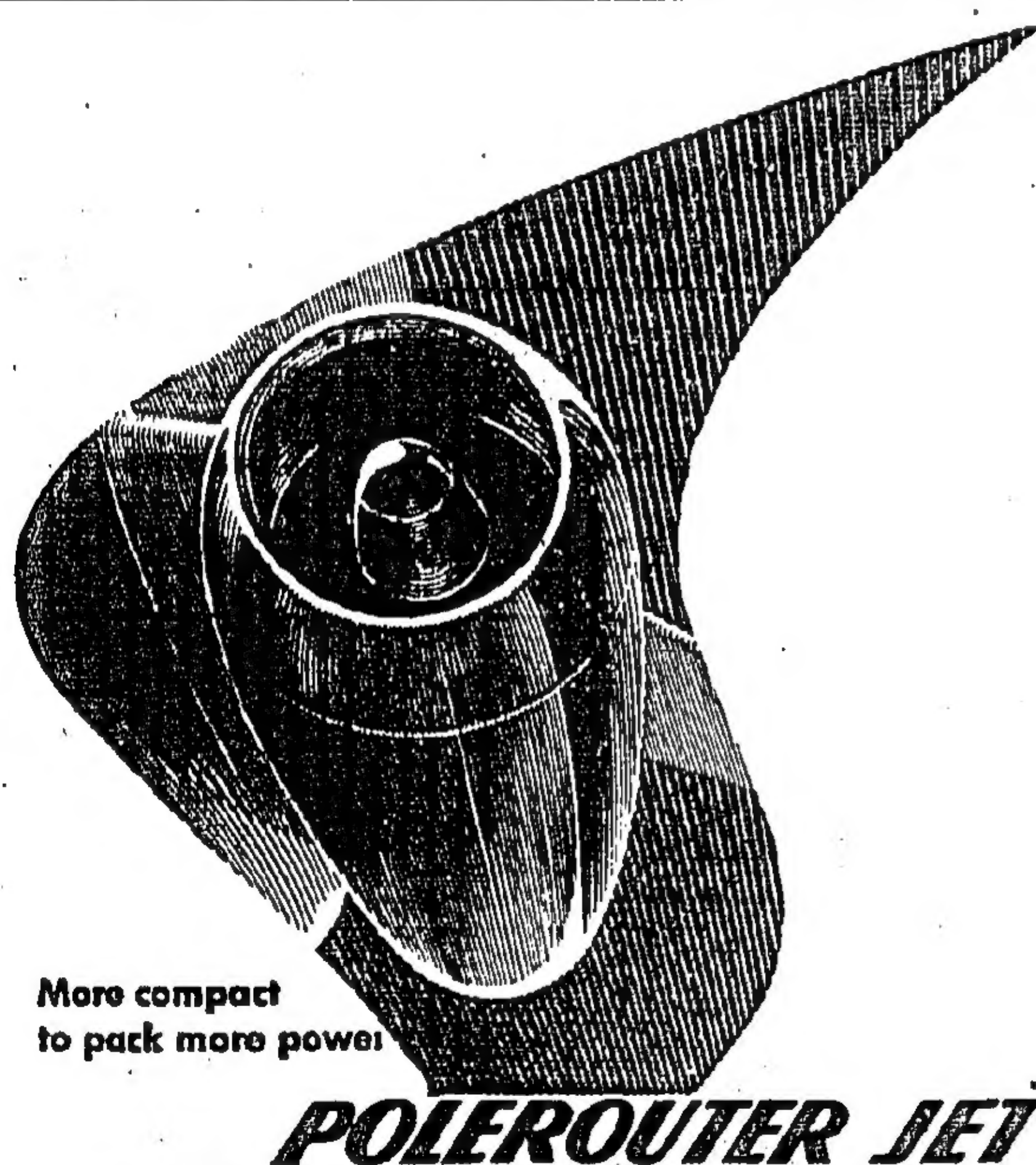
One of the first to escape from the scramble in the cinema dining-room was Jack Grubenman, who happened to be near an exit.

Heading for his cabin one deck below, where he had a life-jacket, he dashed down a stairway and then fell to his knees as suffocating fumes of smoke and dust caught him full in the face.

The descent down the stairway had been simple, but it took him almost an hour, or so, it seemed, to push his way from the stern of the ship to his cabin amidships, on the starboard side.

The corridor was jammed with people in nightclothes pushing toward the stairways, and each door along the corridor became a road block. When he reached his cabin, which he shared with three other men, he grabbed three lifejackets, one for himself, the others for his brother, and

(Continued on page 7)



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...A story of panic, terror...and courage

Mothers leave dance to save children

(Continued from page 6)
 sister-in-law who had been in the next cabin.
 But when he reached the main corridor carrying the three bright orange kapok jackets, two huge Italian passengers spied him, and without a word pounced on him.
 He managed to hold on to only one of the jackets.

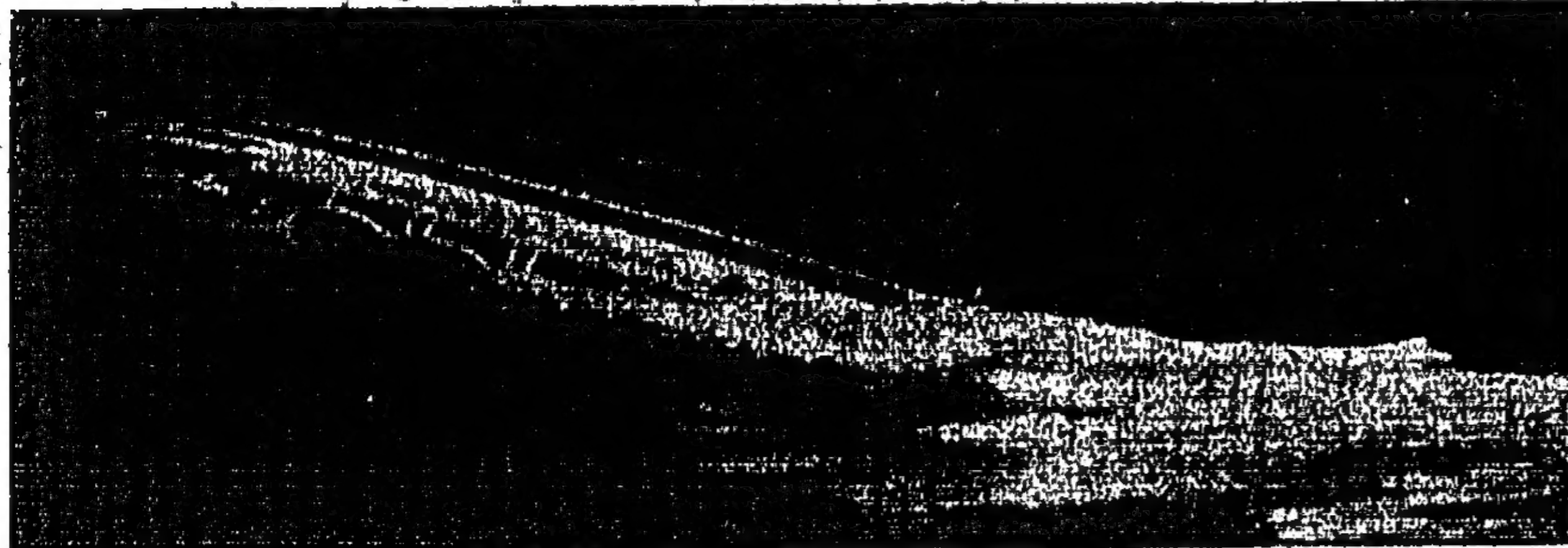
Confusion

What panic there was on the Andrea Doria immediately after the collision soon abated into general confusion.

Panic, terror, fright, or calmness are all subjective and relative concepts. It must be admitted, and what one person saw as panic another judged as remarkable calm in the circumstances.

But if one could measure terror with a Golger counter, the clicking would have become sharper and faster the further down one went on the eight decks accommodating passengers on the Andrea Doria.

Actress Betsy Drake, wife of Cary Grant, occupying one of the 29 airy first-class single cabins on the Boat Deck, needed only to put on the clothes she had just taken off and walked down a short corridor to be on an open deck in sight of the lifeboats on the high side of the ship. Only later did she dis-



The death of a fine ship... the Andrea Doria just before the final plunge.

cover these boats could not be launched.

From the sundry lounges, bars, card-rooms and reading-rooms as well as the ballrooms on the upper decks of the ship, passengers headed for their individual destinations.

There were strange incidents. A bewildered young American tourist, who thought the ship had been blown up, leaped from her bed nude and dashed from her cabin.

Amid screams and confusion, she was caught up in the press of human traffic in the corridor before she noticed

the stares of others. She had to fight her way back to her cabin for her pyjamas neatly folded beneath her pillow.

And a 20-year-old secretary, who also slept in her cabin, awakened alone in her cabin, trapped beneath a fallen upper bunk.

She struggled futilely in the dark crying and screaming all the while, until her door was thrown open by a husky, tall steward who lifted her from the wreckage of her bed and carried her to the corridor.

As she started down the passageway and she realised she was safe but naked, she pleaded that he release her.

"Put me down!" she screamed, but he ran on.

She beat her fists upon his chest until he suddenly dropped her, and she retreated to her cabin for appropriate clothing.

Vulnerable

Theoretically, the Andrea Doria was unshakable. It was difficult for the designers to conceive any contingency in which more than two of her watertight compartments would be ruptured.

And if only two were filled with water, the others had enough buoyancy to keep her afloat at a list of 15 degrees, the maximum envisaged in any eventuality.

Yet, in fewer than five minutes after the collision, the Andrea Doria was listing more than 20 degrees.

Two factors were responsible. FIRSTLY, there was the fact that the Stockholm's bow had rammed into that part of the Italian liner where, in the bottom of the ship, the ship's 10 fuel tanks were.

Because the liner's journey was nearly over, the tanks were empty. Unlike some ships, her empty tanks were not ballasted with sea water. Her safety certificate did not require it. The Stockholm's bow ruptured the five tanks on the starboard side. The five on the port side were undamaged.

Some 500 tons of water gushed into the damaged tanks, causing the ship to lean over within less than a minute. And the air-filled undamaged port side tanks rose out of the sea like a balloon, accentuating the list to a point at which water could pour over the top of the bulkheads from one compartment to another.

SECONDLY, by a fantastic mischance, the crash had found the one vulnerable spot in the

The book Collision Course, from which this series is adapted, will be published in Britain by Longmans.

ship's watertight compartment system.

The fuel tank compartment was connected to the next section, the generator room, by an access tunnel 4ft high and 4ft wide. And incredibly, this tunnel had no watertight seal. Thus the sea entering the tank compartment flooded into the generator room almost as if there was no bulkhead at all.

To the boats

The wheelhouse was in a furore as Captain Calamai reeled off orders for the men and officers streaming up to the bridge.

Fearing his ship would soon go down, the captain ordered virtually everyone on the bridge to turn to and launch the lifeboats. He directed them first to the port side lifeboats on the high side of the ship.

All the ship's outboard lights were switched on, including the two powerful searchlights atop the mast. The whistle signal was reset to sound continuous double blasts, the signal for a ship out of control.

Staff Captain Magagnoli, Calamai's deputy, who had rushed to the bridge from his cabin in his pyjamas and slippers, led the way to the port side lifeboats.

Impossible

The ship's two first officers, Luigi and Carlo Kim, followed. Before long the high side of the ship was swarming with boat crews.

Eight lifeboats hung there in a row at the level of the Deck, one below the bridge,

We're going on a picnic, actress Ruth Roman told her young son. This was how they came ashore.

stretching out almost the full length of the superstructure. The boat crews with their officers working alongside them feverishly ripped the tarpaulin covers from the boats, hammered away the chucks.

The launching davits were supposed to swing over the side of the ship and the boats were supposed to fall of their own weight. But this did not happen.

The men and officers pushed, shoved, and heaved against the inert metal lifeboats, but neither they nor the davits moved.

Since the Andrea Doria had been designed to list no more than 15 degrees, the davits had been designed as launchers up to 15 degrees.

But now that the Doria was heeling some 22 degrees, the davit arms holding the boats were facing skyward instead of toward the sea. To be freed, the boats would have to be pushed uphill, and that was impossible.

The men continued to struggle against the mechanics of launching the eight boats on the high side of the ship, and Captain Calamai watched the situation from the wing of the bridge.

After about five or six minutes Captain Magagnoli, who had kicked off his slippers, padded back up to the bridge and reported the hopelessness of

trying to launch the boats from the high side.

Captain Calamai told him to see to the launching of the eight boats on the starboard side.

Both men still feared the likelihood of imminent capsizing. They both realised also that with the eight port side lifeboats useless, the remaining eight boats on the starboard side could accommodate at absolute full capacity 1,004 persons. There were 1,706 passengers and crew aboard.

Second Officer Badano was sent to the loudspeaker system, and, with the captain standing beside him, dictating, Badano announced: "Si prega, i signori passeggeri di portarsi ai propri posti di riunione." He repeated it in Italian and then made the same announcement twice in English: "If you please, passengers are requested to go to their muster stations."

Badano, after making the announcement, turned to the captain. "Is there any more?"

"No, no more," said Calamai. "Shall I ring the alarm?" asked the younger officer.

"No, no, we have only half the lifeboats," said the captain. "All passengers had supposedly been instructed how to respond to the alarm during the abandonment drill which had been held the day after the Doria left Naples. But Captain

Calamai had been round ships and the sea long enough to know that drills during a pleasure voyage were no measure of what passengers or crew would do in response to a real alarm on a listing ship that might sink.

The captain feared panic if the ship's alarm sirens were set off. He feared a stampeding of the starboard lifeboats if it were learned that there were not enough lifeboats available for everyone on the ship.

One hope—

Captain Calamai still had one slight hope for saving the Andrea Doria. Sixteen years before, when he was executive officer of the torpedoed Italian converted cruiser Dullio, he had saved that ship by running her up on a nearby beach before she sank.

Now, he decided to try the same thing with the Andrea Doria. The shallow off-shore waters of the United States were to the north. Although he did not stop to compute the actual distance, he knew that if he could reach shallow water or a sandbar, the Doria could be inexpensively refloated.

The captain, with hope in his heart, pushed the left handle of

the engine telegraph gently forward to the position slow ahead. The bell signal of the telegraph was answered from the engine room and the ship began to rumble with the vibrations of the engine. The ship moved slowly in the water for perhaps an instant or more and then she wobbled precariously.

The captain jerked the telegraph handle to stop and he realised that the last hope for saving his ship was gone.

To try to run the ship with a 40-foot hole in its side was too dangerous. It would increase the risk of capsizing. It would prevent the safe launching of the starboard lifeboats, and, even if the Doria did reach the beach, no rescue ship could be expected to follow her into shallow waters.

The only thing to do was to call for help. From the Doria's radio room, the message that was to set in motion the greatest sea-rescue operation in peace-time history—
 SOS DE ICEH, SOS HERE AT 0330 G.M.T. LAT. 40.30 N, 69.53 W, NEED IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE.

NEXT WEEK:

RESCUE BEGINS... DRAMA IN THE LIFEBOATS.
 (London Express Service).

CURIOUS CHARACTERS: NO. 6

The first man to ride a crocodile

NO one in England in the 1860's had more energy than 80-year-old Squire Waterton. His unfortunate guests, after feasting on enormous meals, would be invited to climb trees and admire birds' nests. Terrified of the height, but still more of their imperious host, the fattest aldermen were often to be seen swaying precariously over the Waterton estate.

Birds were Waterton's obsession. He had a fantastic knowledge of them. He never travelled without an aviary.

Once, at the end of a trip to Italy, he solemnly bathed himself, then thoroughly lathered a large collection of owls he had with him.

Squire Waterton travelled widely in South America. One day, he made up his mind to become the first man to ride a crocodile. He caught one on a baited rope so that the natives on the banks could keep it on the surface, straddled it and, by gripping its forelegs in a sort of half-Nelson, steered it to shore.

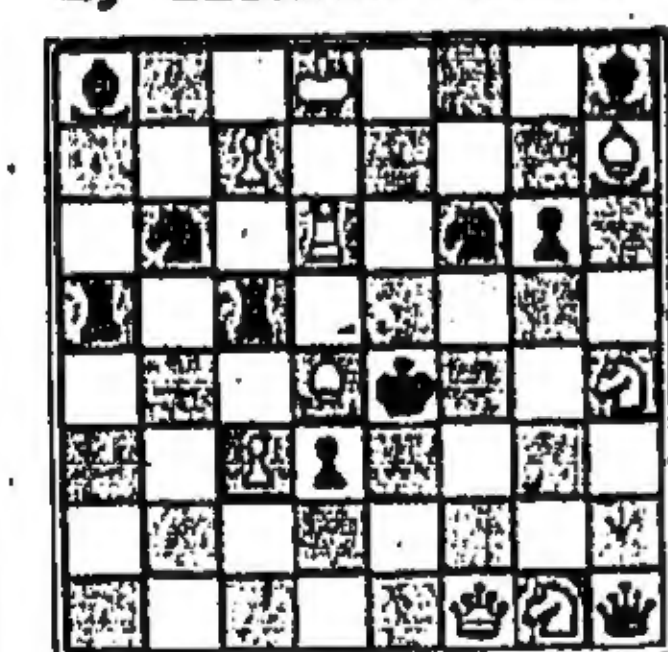
But, then, nothing ever frightened Squire Waterton. He designed a pair of slippers, attached them to his arms and was preparing to leap from the roof of a stable before a friend, after a great deal of argument, managed to talk him out of it.

He had not amazing way with animals. Once, he entered the cage of a dangerous orang-utan at the Zoo. Keepers held their breath while the Squire and the beast inspected each other, then fell into a friendly embrace.

Waterton loved to shock his friends. When he sprained an ankle in North America, he was told by a doctor to hold his

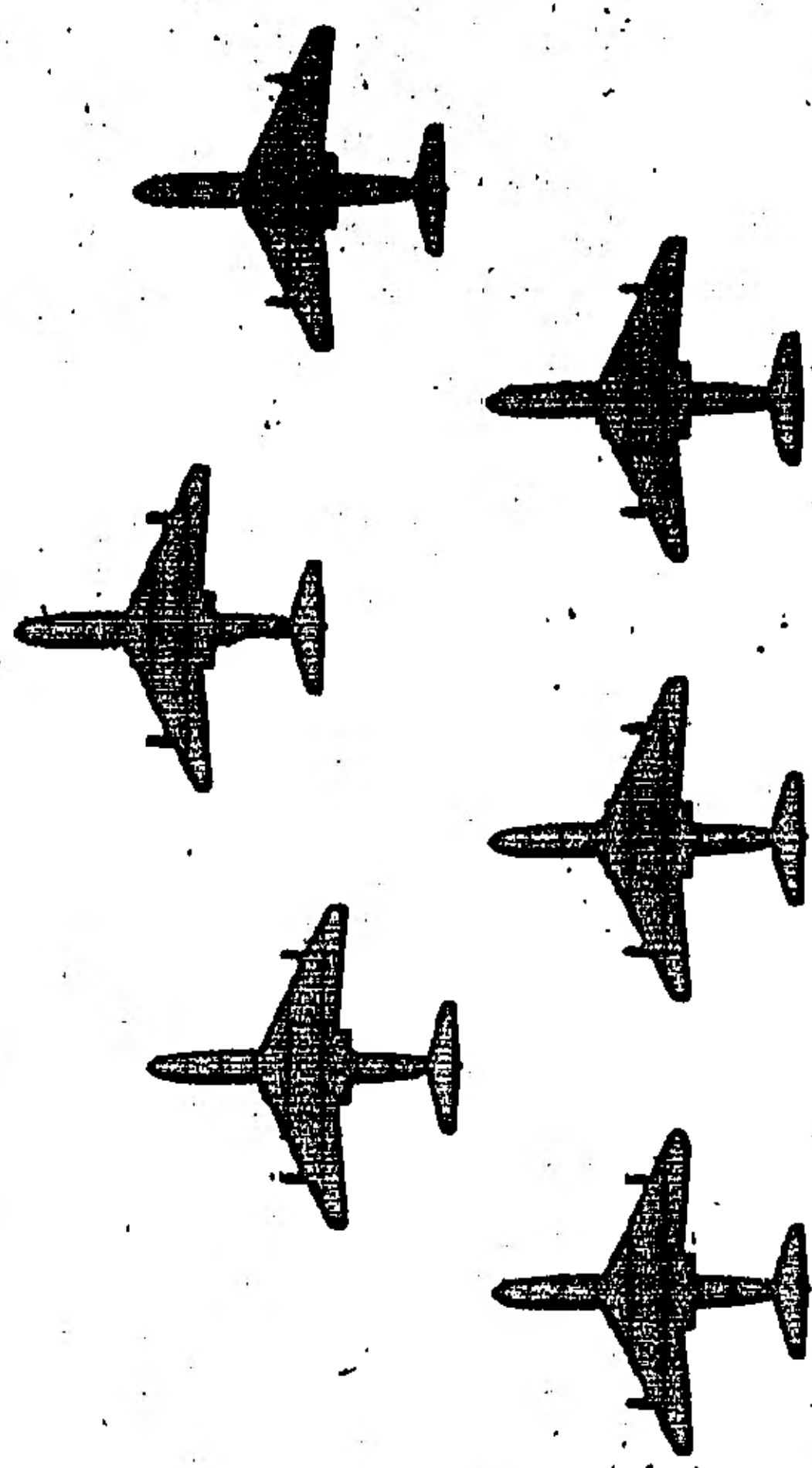
CHESS

by LEONARD GARDEN

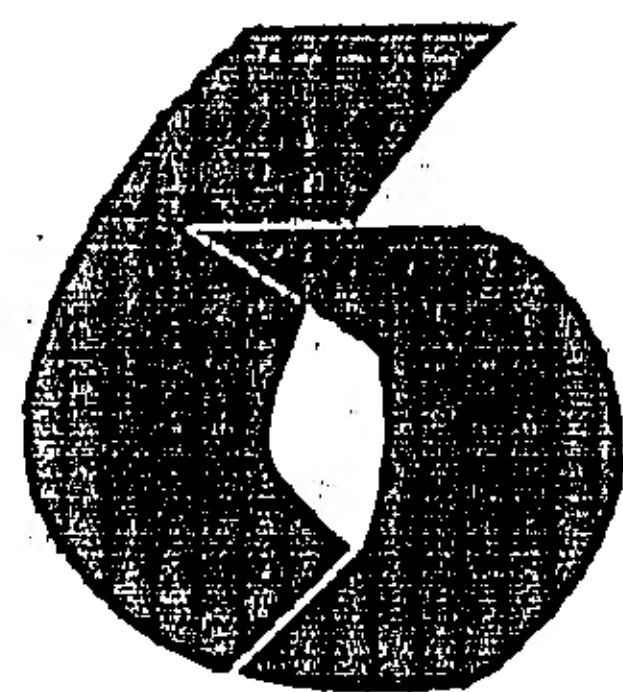


Here is a problem by O. R. B. Sumner (B.C.F., 1958). White to play and mate in two moves.
 Solution No. 5637: 1 Kt—B6 ch; 2—Kt—K4 ch; 3—Kt—K4 ch; 4—Kt—K4 ch; 5—Kt—K4 ch; 6—Kt—K4 ch; 7—Kt—K4 ch; 8—Kt—K4 ch; 9—Kt—K4 ch; 10—Kt—K4 ch; 11—Kt—K4 ch; 12—Kt—K4 ch; 13—Kt—K4 ch; 14—Kt—K4 ch; 15—Kt—K4 ch; 16—Kt—K4 ch; 17—Kt—K4 ch; 18—Kt—K4 ch; 19—Kt—K4 ch; 20—Kt—K4 ch; 21—Kt—K4 ch; 22—Kt—K4 ch; 23—Kt—K4 ch; 24—Kt—K4 ch; 25—Kt—K4 ch; 26—Kt—K4 ch; 27—Kt—K4 ch; 28—Kt—K4 ch; 29—Kt—K4 ch; 30—Kt—K4 ch; 31—Kt—K4 ch; 32—Kt—K4 ch; 33—Kt—K4 ch; 34—Kt—K4 ch; 35—Kt—K4 ch; 36—Kt—K4 ch; 37—Kt—K4 ch; 38—Kt—K4 ch; 39—Kt—K4 ch; 40—Kt—K4 ch; 41—Kt—K4 ch; 42—Kt—K4 ch; 43—Kt—K4 ch; 44—Kt—K4 ch; 45—Kt—K4 ch; 46—Kt—K4 ch; 47—Kt—K4 ch; 48—Kt—K4 ch; 49—Kt—K4 ch; 50—Kt—K4 ch; 51—Kt—K4 ch; 52—Kt—K4 ch; 53—Kt—K4 ch; 54—Kt—K4 ch; 55—Kt—K4 ch; 56—Kt—K4 ch; 57—Kt—K4 ch; 58—Kt—K4 ch; 59—Kt—K4 ch; 60—Kt—K4 ch; 61—Kt—K4 ch; 62—Kt—K4 ch; 63—Kt—K4 ch; 64—Kt—K4 ch; 65—Kt—K4 ch; 66—Kt—K4 ch; 67—Kt—K4 ch; 68—Kt—K4 ch; 69—Kt—K4 ch; 70—Kt—K4 ch; 71—Kt—K4 ch; 72—Kt—K4 ch; 73—Kt—K4 ch; 74—Kt—K4 ch; 75—Kt—K4 ch; 76—Kt—K4 ch; 77—Kt—K4 ch; 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MY REMINISCENCES — BY AN
OLD CHINA HAND

WE publish below a transcript of the notes of a talk given recently by Mr W. C. Gomersall to the Rotary Club of Hongkong. It is a talk which will interest many old-China hands in Hongkong today who were not present at the luncheon and who were able to read only a brief report of the talk in the local Press.

Mr Gomersall speaks with authority and charm of his life in China, and particularly Shanghai before the war.—Ed, China Mail.

THE subject of this talk was chosen by your President, Wilfred Pennell. He said that the Old China Hand was a rapidly disappearing species, and seemed to imply that before the last should vanish, the younger generation — represented by you gentlemen — might like to hear something of what we enjoyed, and what we had to contend with, in bygone days in China.

My sojourn in China extended over the years 1919 to 1952 — about 33 years — and during that comparatively short time I doubt if any country in the world changed so rapidly or dramatically.

The first thing that struck me on arriving in Shanghai was the standard of living of the European residents.

Everything was incredibly cheap, and on a salary of \$500 a month you could literally live like a lord. It cost \$22 a month, all in, to keep a pony, and the mafco would bring the pony to your door each day. Servants' wages were from \$15 to \$21 a month. In North China it was even cheaper.

For instance, the Tientsin Club used to issue books of coupons for rickshaw rides, each coupon having a value of about 5 cents, and you seldom gave the puller more than one ticket. And he had to go back to the Club to redeem the coupon, and get his money.

In those days the price of a gin in the Club was 10 cents.

Foot-Binding

It was a handy sort of life for a young man, just out from home, and many fell victims to its allurements, either by getting chronically in debt, and being sent back home, or else by being laid prematurely in the Bubbling Well Road Cemetery. If ever you took a walk through that cemetery you would see on a lot of the tombstones such inscriptions as this — "Here lies Bill Smith, aged 32 years" etc. So President Wilfred Pennell is right when he said there are not many "Old China Hands" left. It's a great wonder there are any.

In the 1920's the habit of foot-binding had not completely died out, especially in the country. As that habit which crippled and incapacitated all the mothers of the country, was given up, a new generation of children grew up, bigger in physique and stronger. You could see that take place before your eyes.

Then the women were always secluded and stayed at home. I recall a good friend of mine whose wedding I attended.

About a year later, although it was not etiquette to speak of a man's wife, I enquired about her. "How's your wife?" I asked him. "He all right?" was the reply. I said that I had not seen her since the day of wedding. "No," he said, "she stay home, looking after the house, and what happens when she wants to buy something for herself. I buy for her" was the reply. Imagine a modern wife submissively sitting at home, whilst her lord and master comes out every night of the week not allowing his wife to go out even

Always Out

One thing that made life trying was the extraordinary lack of punctuality which prevailed amongst the whole population. It possibly arose from the official custom that the more important the official the longer he could keep people waiting. Whatever the cause the custom was universal. If asked to attend a meeting at 3 o'clock, it became a nice calculation to decide what time to show up. You would give careful consideration to the habits and reputation of the other people who would attend, and you might decide to get there by 4 — from then onwards, people could drift in and the meeting might start at 4.30.

I could mention an interesting example of this habit. A friend of mine, Mr. Wilkinson, an American miscegenist, lived in Soochow at the time the railway was inaugurated between Shanghai and Nanking, passing through Soochow. It caused a great sensation in the whole countryside, and was the topic of conversation wherever you went. Dr. Wilkinson met an old Chinese friend, and asked him what he thought of this extraordinary innovation.

The Railway

The Chinese gentleman gravely shook his head. "It's no good," he said. "I went to the station the other day to go to Shanghai, and was only 10 minutes late, and the train had gone!"

I recall another example of this lack of punctuality. The story also illustrates how tough of a man's wife I mentioned. A buyer arrived in Shanghai from Lo-yang in Honan Province, where the famous Marshal Wu Pei-fu was Governor or Warlord. He was commissioned to buy a complete four mill plant. At that time I worked for Jardines, and we were keen after that business. We were disappointed at the beginning by our chief competitor stealing a march on us. Their company took a room in the hotel next to the important visitor, so as to be literally near him night and day.

One Saturday our Chinese manager invited him to lunch, and the whole staff was expected to turn up to make a massive impression. It was a terribly hot day in August.

We arrived at our host's house around 1 o'clock, and there we sat, that hot Saturday afternoon, awaiting the guests' arrival, which eventually took place about 4.15. If the train had not been held up for some time, or because of a breakdown of the locomotive, or the main lines would be cut, arising from some civil commotion between the Warlord of one province and the next.

An Exception

He rewarded us by giving us the order. We signed a contract with him, and then he went back to Lo-yang to remit the bargain money. But we never got the bargain money. Another of those interminable quarrels broke out between Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin, Warlord of Manchuria. Wu Pei-fu was defeated and retired to a monastery on the Yangtze River.

The order was never consummated, and our labours were wasted.

There was one man, however, who was always punctual, who stood out as a shining exception to the rest, and that was the managing director of the Tientsin-Pukow Railway.

He insisted on punctuality. I had occasion to meet him several times. He would send me a cable to Shanghai, "Can you come to Tientsin to meet me at my office at 10 a.m. on . . .". As it took two days to go from Shanghai to Tientsin I thought at first that such exactitude was a bit far-fetched.

But he really meant it. As the clock struck 10 he would enter the office where we were to meet, and every time I met him I found him equally exact.

Speaking of travelling, I had to travel extensively, especially

to the various cities along the Shanghai-Nanking Railway, and to Tientsin, Peking, Tangkiao, Mukden, Harbin in the North; and also to Hankow and Chungking in the West.

The journeys by railway were nearly always unpleasant, the trains often crowded and uncomfortable, and nearly always late. In fact for long periods railway travel was a chancy business. You never knew when the express train might be held up for some Warlord to pass, or because of a breakdown of the locomotive, or the main lines would be cut, arising from some civil commotion between the Warlord of one province and the next.

On the other hand, travelling westwards to Hankow meant travelling by steamer up the Yangtze River, and usually that was sheer delight.

In fact, the journey on the lower Yangtze from Shanghai to Hankow, then on the middle Yangtze, from Hankow to Ichang, and finally on the upper river, or gorge section from Ichang to Chungking might be described as one of the most fascinating journeys in the world.

In Tsinan

The scenery in the gorges is beyond description. In 1919 the only transport on the upper Yangtze was by junk. The insurance rate was 25 per cent, which meant there was only one chance in four of your cargo reaching its destination. In the early 20's specially designed steamers made the voyage, and thereafter it was comparatively safe, but still exciting.

The Yangtze is a mighty river, commerce attaching to it from its very start. To prevent large steamers of 10,000 tons sailing from Liverpool to Hankow which is 600 miles from the mouth. At Chungking the difference between high water and low water is something like 140ft.

During most of the years of my sojourn in China we all lived like Mr. Macomber, waiting for something to turn up. From 1919 to 1927 the country was harried by petty civil war between Warlords of the respective provinces. Finally, in 1927, Chiang Kai-shek swept northwards from Canton and overthrew all the Warlords, one after the other,

extending his rule even to the three North Eastern Provinces. And to some extent the long wished-for unification seemed possible. But it was several years before business improved. There was a bad setback in the early 30's due to the flooding of the Yangtze, possibly the worst floods in China's history.

I recall that in 1927 at the very time that Chiang Kai-shek was making his victorious sweep northwards, I had been spending about three weeks in Tsinan, the capital of Shantung Province. I was there trying to settle a very troublesome dispute. One of our young men had been there a few weeks earlier, and had given great offence to our clients, in a very unexpected manner.

Respect

He happened to be an enthusiastic student of Chinese, the Mandarin dialect, and had just learned that the Chinese word for a robber or a bandit was "tu fei". Now robbers and bandits were very common in China in those days. So he was quite delighted to know the Chinese word for them. It seemed to roll off his tongue very easily.

During his negotiations in Tsinan, the argument became a little heated, and speaking in English he said "interpreter," he said that the clients were acting like "tu fei". "Tu fei" came out in Chinese, and, of course, the clients understood it.

Needless to say the negotiations broke down. I went up later to catch up the broken relations. It was a tiresome job. But I took the opportunity to visit Tsinan, the Sacred Mountain, and Chi-Fu, Confucius' birthplace.

A Personality

My years in China created in me a profound respect for Chinese merchants. If conditions were hard for the foreigner, they were much harder for the Chinese. One of the things that struck me at their innate integrity, and toughness of fibre; at their astute moves, and imperturbable character. If the market went against them there was no panic; they calmly held on to their stocks for years.

I met some interesting personalities. Among them I regard

the late T.K. Yung as outstanding. He was the Chief Shareholder and Controller of seven or eight flour mills, and nine cotton mills. Totally over 500,000 spindles, thousands of looms, and several power plants. The entire textile industry of Hongkong, comprising 17 mills, only aggregates 180,000 spindles. Thus T.K. Yung individually controlled an industry about 40 per cent larger than the entire textile industry of Hongkong, which is Hongkong's largest industry.

Yet he never seemed busy or worried. He never seemed to hold conferences, or do my desk work. He was a most unassuming man, but there was never a man more decisive.

Retrospect

One day I walked into his office. He was standing in the General Office chatting to the dealers, a habit of his. I produced a telegram from my pocket and said, through an interpreter, that the telegram gave a price of \$2,000 for the motors he had enquired for.

"Settled," he said. That was the only word he said. He gave his usual short smile, and off he went. From the time we entered to the time we left was less than 30 seconds. On another occasion he had decided on an extension for one of his mills. He wanted prompt action as usual, so in order to save time we took our contract to him written in English only. Generally we translated our contracts, and suggested that he should take his son to explain what was in the English contract.

"It doesn't matter," he said. "You won't cheat me." The contract was for \$20,000, and that was in 1930. The equivalent value today would be something like \$350,000, and that was in 1930. The equivalent value today would be something like \$350,000, and that was in 1930. The equivalent value today would be something like \$350,000, and that was in 1930.

Reminiscence is an account or narrative of what is remembered, narrating, however, a history. History is philosophy teaching by experience. Judged by that standard my narrative is very unprofitable. It doesn't teach much.

We might perhaps learn something by imitating the unruffled calm and courtesy of a man like T.K. Yung. To him we might apply that saying of Schiller, that he was "like a star, unobscured by the atmosphere". The Managing Director of the Tientsin-Pukow Railway is another good example — a man of eminent position, who could have kept people waiting as long as he pleased, but who refused to conform to the usual very pattern, and, all alone, tried to teach that punctuality is the politeness of kings.

Anyhow, profitable or otherwise, I am glad to be talking to you, and I thank you for your patience and kindness in listening to me.

One man died — and the world went to war

THERE were those who said the Archduke Francis Ferdinand — heir to the Austrian throne before the 1914 war — was mentally unbalanced.

By many people he was regarded as a menace. He had a disconcerting habit, for instance, of picking up a gun and blazing away haphazardly at anything within range.

So in June, 1914, just 45 years ago, when he gloomily forecast his own doom, no one in his native Austria took very much notice of him.

But that same month, on June 28, 1914, in the gay Bosnian holiday town of Sarajevo, an assassin's bullet cut short his life.

The assassination was the culminating crisis of a series of tense international incidents which, that same year, plunged the world into the Great War.

Yet, despite its serious consequences, the killing of Francis Ferdinand on that brilliantly sunny Sunday had all the makings of a third-rate melodrama.

SECRET SOCIETIES

All the trimmings needed for a cheap theatrical thriller were there. Secret societies, the Black Hand Gang, plots and counterplots, even the suspicious-looking corners with bombs ready to throw.

Aboard the train the electric lights failed and candles were used in the Royal Company. It was the "Black Hand" that the assassin Ferdinand remarked to his secretary.

But the Archduke's forebodings seemed quite without foundation when he paid his first state visit to the Bosnian city on June 28.

Through the streets, at a stately pace, the procession of four cars wound its way to the Town Hall, to the enthusiastic and constant cheers of the thousands who thronged the route.

But one spectator who was neither smiling nor cheering was a certain Serbian officer, Colonel Dragutin Dimitrijevic — an agile, powerful man with a hypnotic personality and an insatiable love of danger and intrigue.

In a city where secret societies thrived, the Colonel was the head of the most powerful and the most feared — the Black Hand.

Less. Soon they were to have an excuse for military action. In his absence, had been "fired" by the society. A sentence of death had been passed, and the members were sworn to attempt the execution when an opportunity presented itself.

As Ferdinand drove through Sarajevo, the police car in advance and two others in the rear would be assassins.

They were six of them in all — yellow, pimply faced, fanatical youths — strategically placed at the most accessible stage on the royal route — the Appel Quay.

On one side of the roadway there were houses, on the other a low embankment. Here the six suspicious-looking Black Hand members — all known anarchists — waited without interference.

The Archduke, resplendent in his uniform, sat next to his attractive wife, smiling benignly at the crowds who cheered him on his way.

The ground — and exploded under the following car. Two men were slightly hurt and the procession came to a halt. There was a curious investigation. Gavrilo, who had made no attempt to escape anyway, was arrested.

The angry Archduke bellowed to the mayor: "This is an outrage!" — but the procession continued.

By some never-explained jolly the police decided there was no need for any further precautions. They discounted the possibility of another attempt on their royal guest's life.

So the programme continued according to schedule, and after a ceremony at the Town Hall the four cars made their way back along the Appel Quay.

WRONG TURNING

The police car which had been protecting the Archduke led the procession. But it took a wrong turning and was lost. The Archduke ordered his driver to continue, without the escort, along the pre-arranged route.

Halfway along the Appel Quay the royal car slowed down for an obstruction, and another 15-year-old youth, Gavrilo Princip, stepped towards it.

Only four paces away, as active part in the killing and

his revolver and fired twice, with shaking hands, at the powerless Archduke. The first bullet ripped open the Archduke's jugular vein, the second poured fire from the duchess in the stomach.

"IT'S NOTHING" But not feeling the pain, she turned to her husband in consolation, saying the word "nothing" on her face.

"What's happened to you?" she cried in alarm. Then she slid slowly from the seat of the car — dead.

In his agony the Archduke called out to his dead wife. Helpers hurried to the stricken pair, but Ferdinand urged them weakly away.

"It is nothing," he whispered softly. Over and over again he repeated "It is nothing." Ten minutes later he died with the words still on his lips.

Without a murmur of protest, and with a half-smile on his lips, Princip the killer was arrested. It is almost certain that Archduke Francis Ferdinand would have died at Sarajevo.

And perhaps there would have been no First World War. No Treaty of Versailles. No Second World War, either.

Then war. But Col. Dimitrijevic, leader of the Black Hand, did not escape with such a light sentence. He was later executed. A month after the incident, and because of it, Austria declared war on Serbia. A few days later, sparked off by these hostilities, the world was engulfed in the First World War.





RIGHT: The "Legend Dance" — one of the many displays of folk dancing this week at the Grantham Training College by the Colony's eight Adult Education and Recreation Centres.

LEFT: At Kai Tak Airport on Tuesday — Roman Catholic Bishop Lawrence Bianchi poses with friends and colleagues shortly before he boarded a plane bound for the Vatican.



ABOVE: Mrs R.L. Mathis (left) receiving a gift from Mr. Tam Hoi-tin after she had performed the ground-breaking ceremony at the site where the new Pao To Primary School will be built.

BELOW: At the Jaycee summer luncheon held at the Paramount Restaurant this week — (l-r) Mr. John Mackenzie, Mr. A. de O. Sales and Mr. Emmett W. Savard.



ABOVE: A group photo taken after a Retreat conducted by Rev. Fr. V. Rapdi for the teachers of the Tak Sun Anglo-Chinese School last Sunday.

BELOW: The U.S. Ambassador to Burma, Mr. Walter P. McConaughy (left), was met on his arrival in the Colony recently by friends Mr. and Mrs. J. G. O'Donnell.



ABOVE: An unusual pet — a pint-sized baby crocodile — is displayed at the Sports Club by Mr. H. C. Patterson.

RIGHT: At the dinner for the alumni of the London School of Economics at the Bankers' Club this week (l-r) Mrs. Kamath, Mr. and Mrs. S. Chandrasekhar, Mr. P. M. de Mello Kamath.

BELOW: A speech by Mr. P. W. D. Fairbairn (centre), Assistant General Manager of Coca-Cola, during a press conference by the seven Boy Scouts who are bound for the Jamboree in the Philippines.



BELOW: Cymmore G. D. A. Gregory comes ashore after the commissioning ceremony of two mine-sweepers at the Naval Dockyard on Sunday.



ABOVE: At the Quarry Bay School's Open Day last week a parent inspects a text-book shown to her by one of the School's teachers (left).

ABOVE LEFT: Dr. P. F. Woo (left) shakes hands with Mr. Ernest C. Wong at the Civic Association's dinner dance held recently.

BELOW: Hymn-singing at the YWCA Thanksgiving meet held at Macdonnell Road last week.



ABOVE: At the Hongkong and Eastern Shipping Co. farewell party for Mr. K. Fuchigami, OSK representative, recently (l-r) Mr. P. R. Zeeman, Mr. Ho Tol, and Mr. Fuchigami.

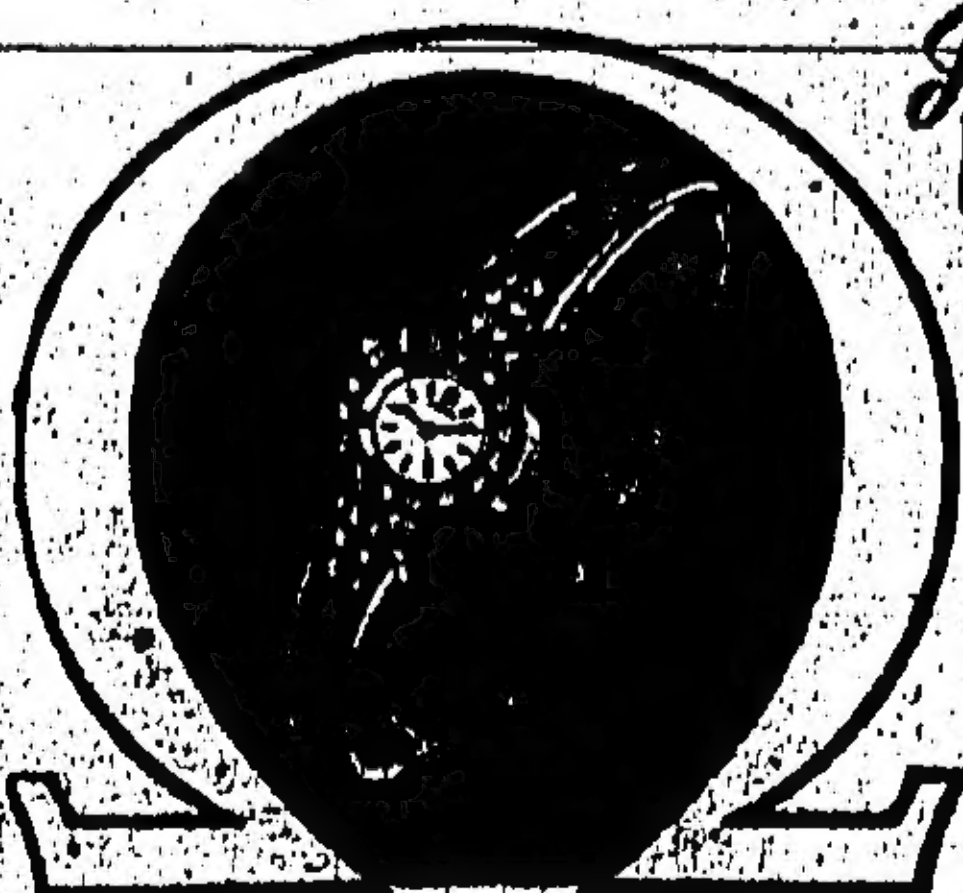


ABOVE: Sub-Insp. Peter Jones and his bride, Miss Sze Ho Kwei-ying, leaving from the Registry after their wedding this week. The bride came into prominence when she was presented to Prince Philip during his visit here recently.



OMEGA

There is a wonderful selection of Jewelled Watches for Ladies



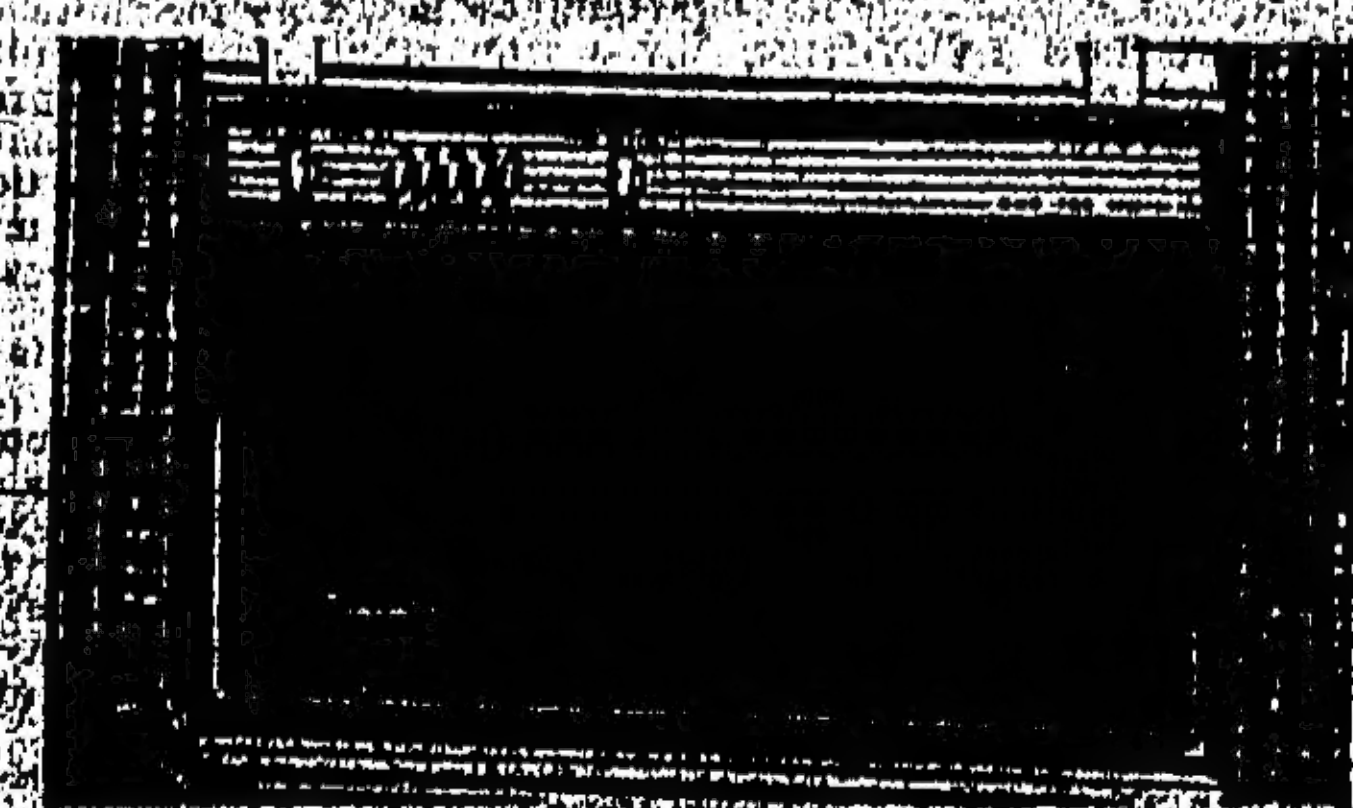
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ST. JOHN'S



LEFT: Miss Barbara Black, daughter of the Governor, is met by Dr. F. L. Tengkuh at St. John Ambulance Brigade's headquarters to attend the organisation's Cadet Day party last week.

★

BELOW: At the farewell party for the Very Rev. F. S. Temple, Dean of St. John's Cathedral (l-r): Col. H. Owen-Hughes, Mrs. Temple, Sir Robert Black, Bishop R. O. Hall, Dean Temple and Mr. D. J. S. Crozier.

★

BOTTOM: At the Skol Club cocktail party held for the first time at the Broadway Hotel in Kowloon (l-r): Mr. Herb Fallis, Mr. Leo Gaddi, Miss Loni Shanda and Mr. M. Talan.



ABOVE: Mr. Ng Mong (right) addresses the gathering at the opening of the new premises of the Ng Clansmen Association last week.

★ ★ ★

RIGHT: Miss Barbara Black in the pink satin and net gown in which she appeared during the finale scene of the fashion show "Around the World by YWCA Lines of Friendship" held in the Paramount last Thursday.



ABOVE: At the 35th Y.M. Men's annual convention at Green Lake, Wisconsin, on June 18 is Hong Kong's representative, Mr. S. H. Pang (third from right, back row). Seated first from left, front row, is Dr. Wm. Yinson Lee, representing Formosa.

★

LEFT: Mr. Roslan Abdul-gani, Vice-President of Indonesia (right), emerges from Kai Tak Airport's VIP room after his arrival in Hong Kong on Sunday. On left is Mr. J. D. De Freitas, Indonesian Consul-General.



RIGHT: Mr. Chan Kwok-hoi poses with one of his paintings at the Hongkong University Art Club exhibition at the Loke Law Hall last week.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: One of the stalls at the Sek Kong fete held recently to raise funds to send a representative of the 1st Sek Kong Boy Scout Troop to the jamboree in the Philippines.



ABOVE: Mrs. Vera Albuquerque watches her sister Miss Margo De Mello Kamath garland Miss Barbara Black in the Bombay airport scene during a YWCA International Fashion Show rehearsal.



ABOVE: Mr. Faustino Endaya (left), who gave up a Chinese Government life pension to return to the Philippines from Shanghai, is seen here with P. I. Consul-General, Eduardo Rosal, completing formalities for the trip this week.

★

LEFT: At the reception for the new senior Australian Government Trade Commissioner this week (l-r): Mr. K. T. Ridley, Mr. George R. B. Patterson and Mr. T. Serby.



ABOVE: A song by two blind girls during a concert at the Music Training Centre For The Blind recently.

Indispensable

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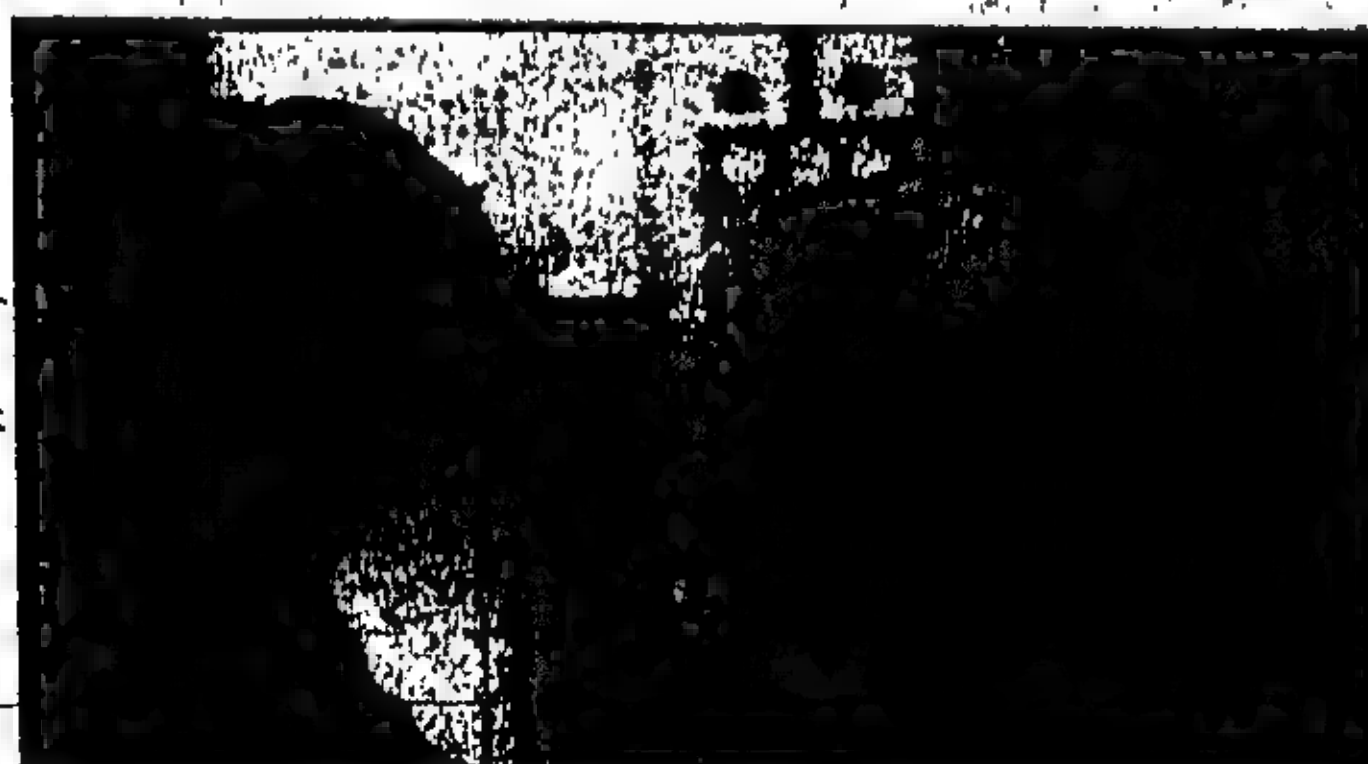
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Westinghouse

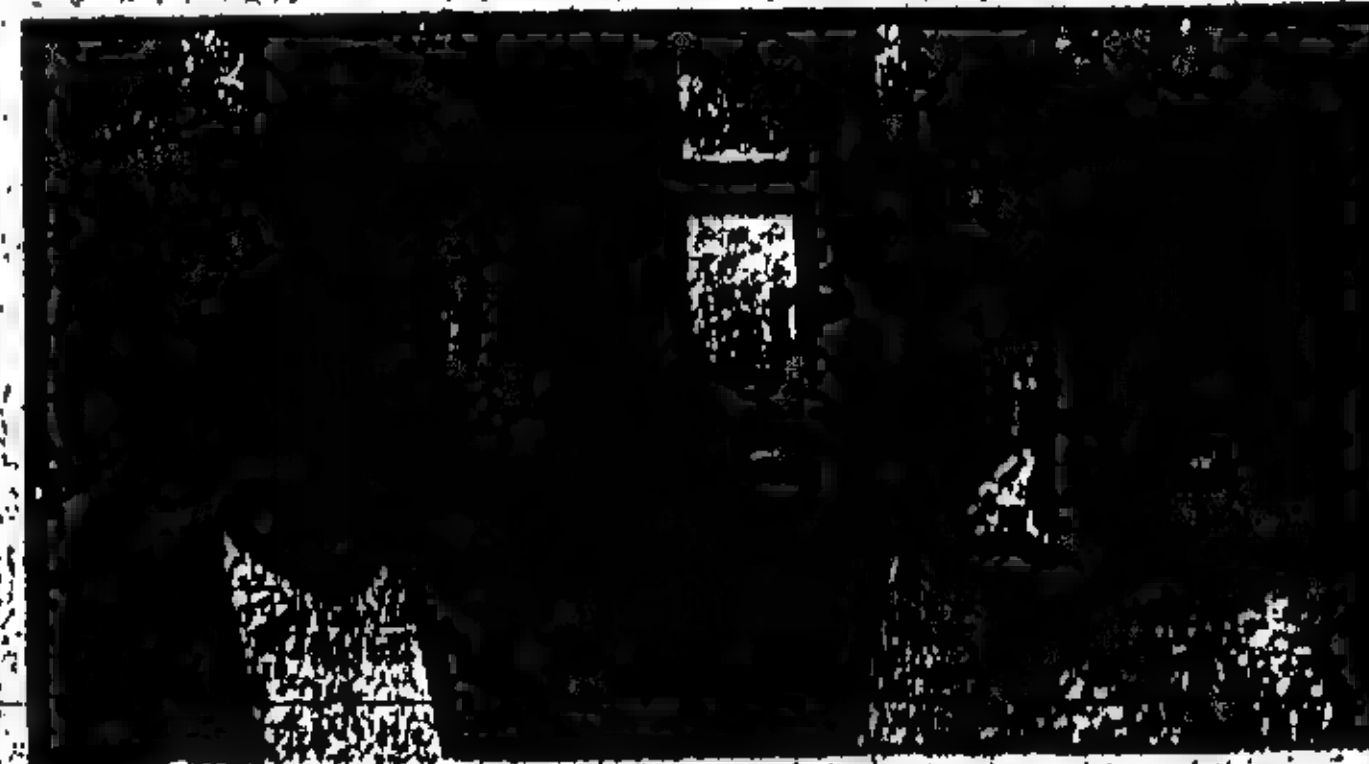
WATER COOLER

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★ SPACE SAVING
★ WHISPER-QUIET
IN OPERATION

WESTINGHOUSE



ABOVE: Mr. George R. B. Patterson (right), newly appointed Australian Government Senior Trade Commissioner in Hong Kong, is interviewed by the Press shortly after his arrival in the Colony last Saturday.



ABOVE: The Chairman of the Executive Committee of the World Federation of United Nations Associations, Mr. Ismail Khan, speaking at the Hong Kong UNA recently. On right is Mr. Ma Man-fai.



Tonight's Floorshows

Fiery Spanish Dancers

★ ★ ★

LOS VASQUEZ

THE REGAN BROTHERS

Music by Freddy Dicks and his
Dramatic Quartet
Vocalists: Virginia Ross

THE REGAN BROTHERS

★ ★ ★

THE REGAN BROTHERS

Orde Wingate: the final verdict has yet to come

By GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

ORDE WINGATE. By Christopher Sykes. Collins. 35s.

"WHEN I hear a feller lock a door," Colonel Thornhill explained afterwards, "I don't think anything about it, and if I hear a feller fall down, that's his affair, but when I hear a feller lock his door, and then fall down, it's time for action."

With no more ado, the colonel broke into the next-door room at the Continental Hotel, Cairo. There, on the floor, unconscious, he found Colonel Orde Wingate, who had just driven a hunting knife into his jugular vein. It should have been the end of Wingate's life, physically and professionally. In fact it was neither. Thornhill arrived in time to carry out some effective first-aid.

Wingate lived to dazzle Churchill and Roosevelt at Quebec with his ideas about strategy against the Japanese, and to perish in an air accident while leading the Chindits in the Burma jungle. In a war which gave plenty of scope to the eccentric man, he was the most famous of all the oddities.

Wingate was a born warrior, a man of wrath and action, with a streak of cruelty and a tough conscience. His Bible was the Old Testament and his hero was Gideon.

Unimpressed

A man like Wingate is born to fight—not at the orders of others—but for a cause with which he can identify his belief that God has marked him out for some peculiar destiny. "I cannot be a nobody," he said. "I cannot be nothing."

And he found his cause in the same place as he found his hero—in Palestine, in the Bible, in Zionism.

So he studied Hebrew, became the exciting friend of the Zionist leaders, behaved with amazing lack of scruple towards his own loyalties as an officer serving in Palestine. "The DSO does not matter, nor does my future as a British soldier."

When he met Lord Beaverbrook, he tried to persuade him that Zionism was useful to the British Empire. Unimpressed, Lord Beaverbrook said: "I have decided."

Wingate interrupted, crying out: "It is not you but God who decides." He strode out of the room and was not called back.

Wingate looked, with smouldering eyes and blazing faith, to the day when he would lead a Jewish army to victory over the enemies of Zion.

There are times when this strange little fanatic reminds one of a very different man: Hitler. But he loved and respected Jews.

The important question about Wingate, however, is a purely military one: How good a general was he? On the evidence of Sykes's book the answer remains in doubt. He had many advantages, apart from those he derived from his relationship with Sir Reginald Wingate, former Sirdar of Egypt.

He wrote frequent and brilliant military papers. In conference he was eloquent and inspiring, a minor military prophet in an untidy uniform, uttering inflammatory words.

But were his ideas sound? In Ethiopia, his bluff succeeded: 14,000 Italian troops surrendered to 36 Sudanese.

Expensive

In the end, he must be judged by what he accomplished in Burma. Here opinions differ. Field-Marshal Slim, who liked Wingate, obviously thinks that the whole Chindit idea was little more than window-dressing, more for morale, but not much else, and expensive at that.

Sykes claims that, by his successful penetrations behind their lines, Wingate lured the Japanese commanders into imitating his boldness with results disastrous to them. If he did so, it was unintentional.

THERE'S MONEY IN DALI'S MADNESS

by Walter Allen

THE CASE OF SALVADOR DALI. By Fleur Cowles. Heinemann. 42s.

"THE Lord Leighton of Sunset Boulevard"—that was how Osbert Lancaster dismissed Salvador Dali, in one of the most blistering pieces of art criticism ever written.

But Lord Leighton never boasted that at the age of five he nearly killed a younger child by throwing him off a bridge on to the rocks below; or that at the age of six he broke the doctor's spectacles just as he was about to pierce his sister's ears.

Nor did Leighton ever entitle one of his canvases "I Spat On My Mother, any more than he arranged a window display for a Fifth Avenue store—a mannequin with a head of roses, a lay figure wearing an aphrodisiac dinner jacket with 91 glasses of creme de mentha attached to it, each containing a dead fly—and then smash the plate glass and walk through it into the street where the management altered the display.

So solemn

Fleur Cowles, taking Dali very much at his own valuation, has written a book about him in which all the escapades of this so-called Leonardo, da Vinci of our time are narrated solemnly and at length.

One thing she does establish: that Dali met Freud in London in 1928. Dali has always claimed this as he claimed Freud as his master; but he has not always been truthful. "According to Dali," Freud said, "I have never seen a more complete example of a Spaniard. What a fanatic."

His perfume

Dali and his wife spend half the year at their home in Spain, on the Costa Brava—France has declared house, harbour and gardens a national beauty spot—half in New York, "a fantastic price" for his paintings and gets them—Glasgow Art Gallery paid £6,000 for The Christ of Saint John of the Cross, and designs jewellery.

He has now become a perfume-maker. He calls his perfume "Rock 'n' Roll."

"I love rock 'n' roll as I love anything that is dionysiac, violent and aphrodisiac," he declared at a party in Paris to launch it, as he sprayed the guests with a "Rock 'n' Roll"-scented spray-gun.

Peter Brook, the theatrical producer, describes one of Dali's pet games. "Get a dollar," he says. "You give him one. He pockets it. I can make about a hundred dollars a day this way," he says. Peter Brook says he smiles.

(London Express Service).

The three top jazz names now touring Britain talk to DISC PAGE



KRUPA



PETERSON



ELLA FITZGERALD "I WISH I HAD THE NERVE SOMETIMES."



NORMAN GRANZ "NOT GOLD, NOT CALLOUS and Ellington—had given her most satisfaction."

"Well, I love Cole Porter's songs," she said. "But I've just done a Gershwin Song Book with Nelson Riddle."

She played a track from it and it was out of this world.

How big a part has Norman Granz, that dynamic impresario, played in Ella's success?

"I felt as if I'd been born all over again when I started working for him," she answered.

"Without him I could not hope to be as popular as I am, and I am very grateful. However great an artist, you always need a force to drive you. And Norman is my force."

"He's done something with jazz that lots of people have thought about but no one's had the nerve to do. I wish I had that nerve sometimes, but I'm the shy type."

A PORTRAIT

OSCAR PETERSON, the most technically perfect jazz pianist alive today, is to write a jazz portrait of Frank Sinatra for his life.

"It won't be a thumbnail sketch but a blanketing of his influence not only on modern music but on music as a whole," he told me.

"The quality Frank primarily portrays is his swing. Basie's got it too. And Sinatra's got the timing of a jazz musician, like a vocal Lester Young."

Canadian-born Peterson, 33, has as articulate a turn of spoken phrase as on the keys. On Errol Garner: "His piano sound is part due to his special pedal technique. That's how he gets that fluid, fluid richness."

On Norman Granz, his close friend and mentor: "He has a deeper feeling and understanding of jazz and a more honest appreciation of it than anyone not directly part of it. Jazz impresarios are usually cold, callous promoters. Not Norman. If I had the literary talent I'd devote a book to him."

On British jazz: "I like Dankworth. And Ted Heath's drummer Ronnie Verrell, and bassist Johnny Hawkesworth. But where do you go for jazz here at night? I had a free evening last night and I was stymied."

That makes two of us, Mr. Peterson.

A LINK

Greatest ambition of Gene Krupa, explosive drummer-virtuoso who gave the ring to the legendary 1937-9 Goodman band, is to write a concerto for a jazz trio with a full symphony orchestra accompaniment.

"I feel there is a definite link between jazz and the classical, and I would like to see them combine," he says. After his years of study with the tympnist of the New York Philharmonic he should certainly be qualified.

Krupa, who is 50, plans to record some sessions with Ellington and Basie on his return home.

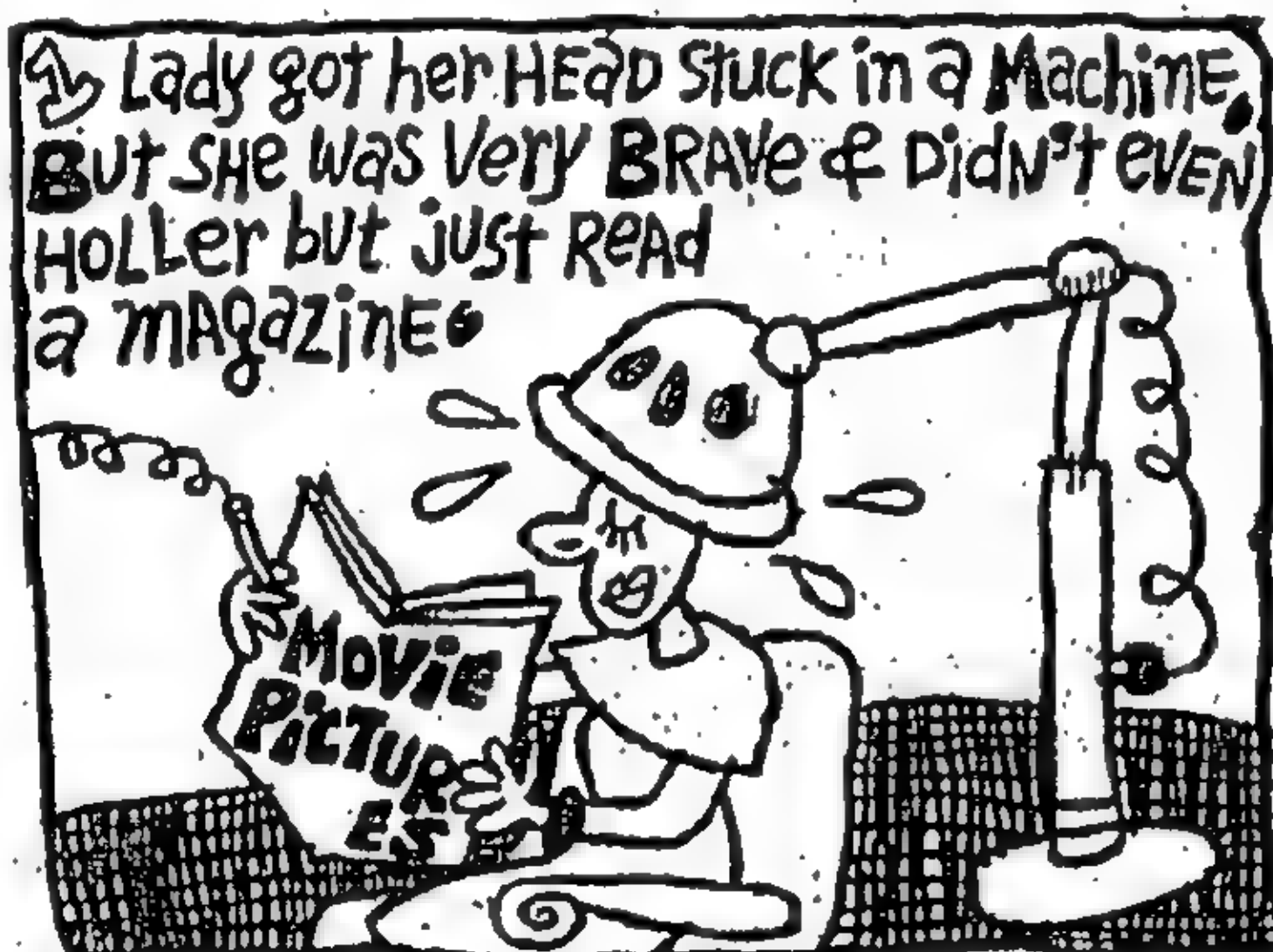
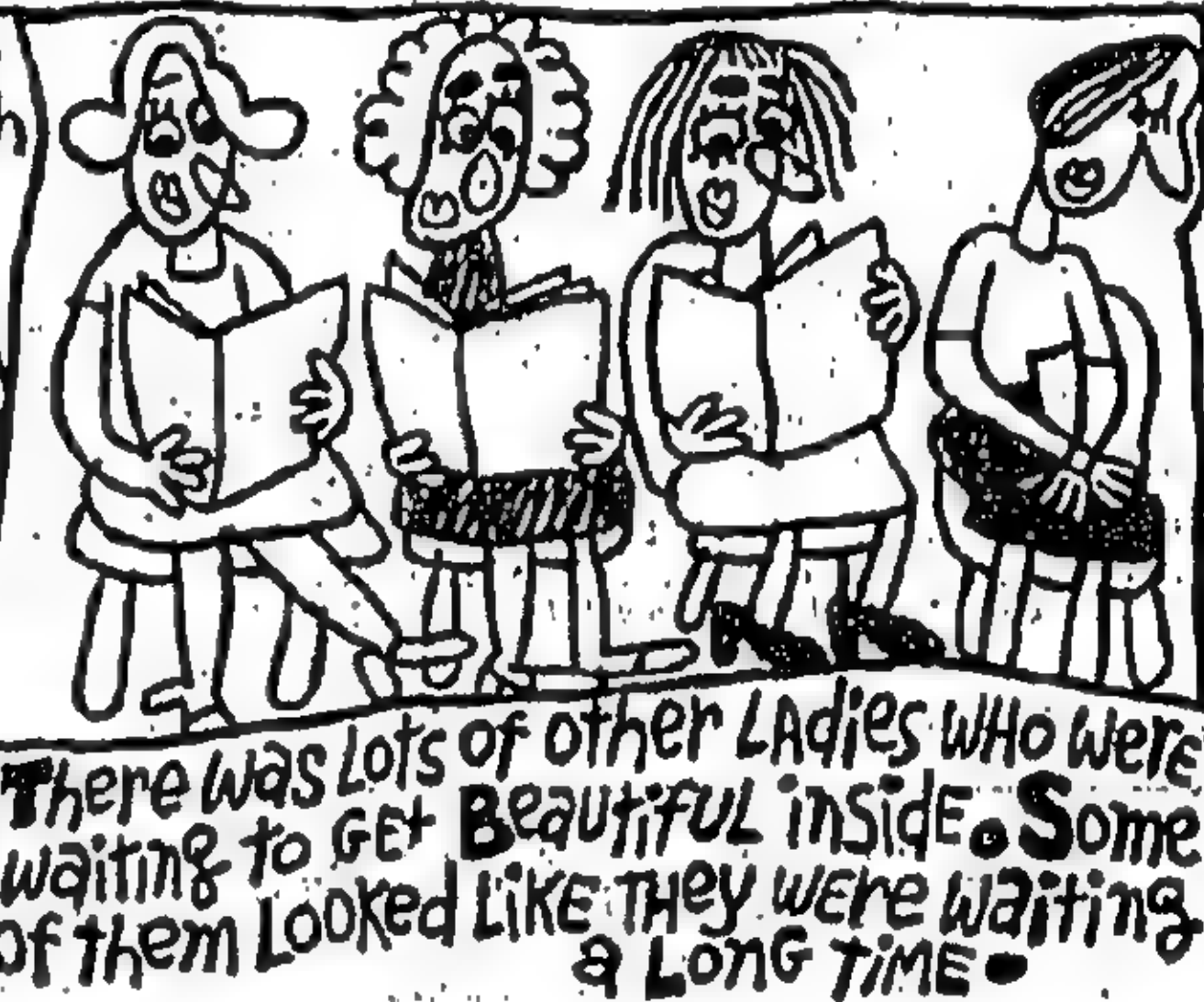
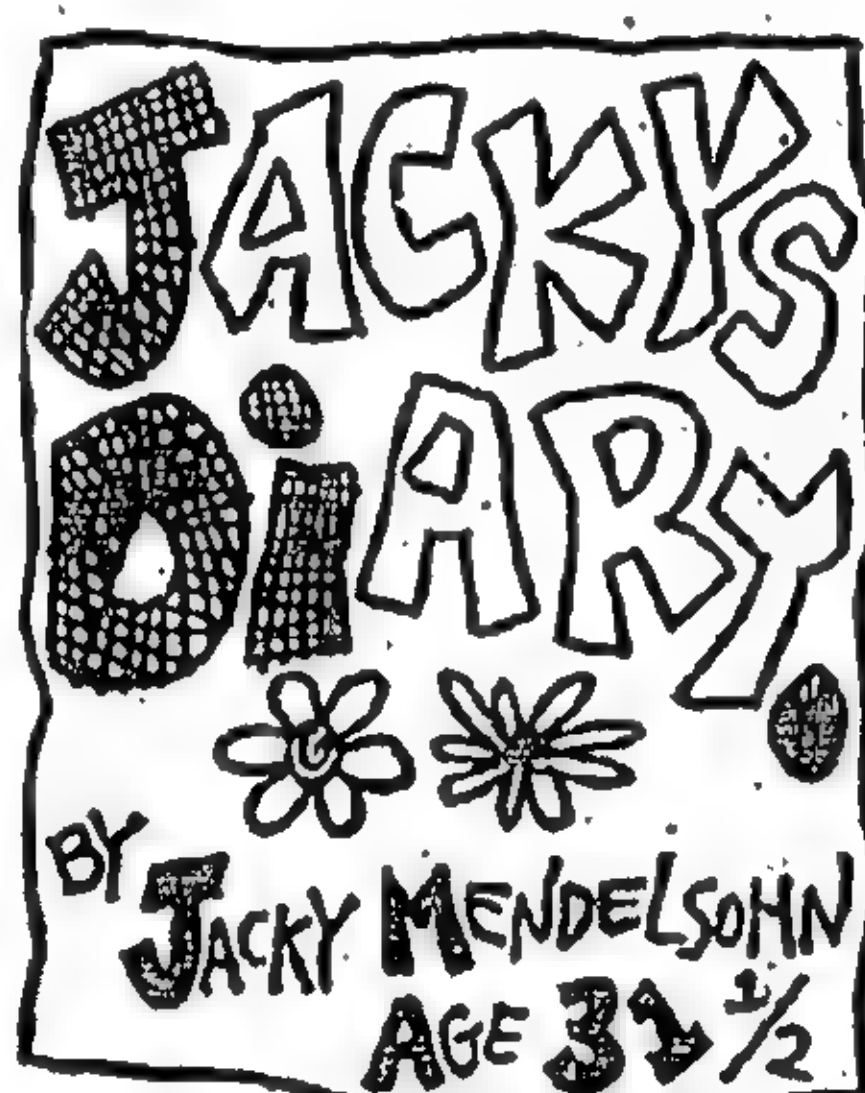
"Frankly though, I'm a bit old for the wear and tear of a big band. And I like writing my own music nowadays," he said. And he had a big word of praise for his old friend, the born pianist Ronnie Bell.

(London Express Service).

THE FORCE BEHIND FITZGERALD

By ROBIN DOUGLAS-HOME

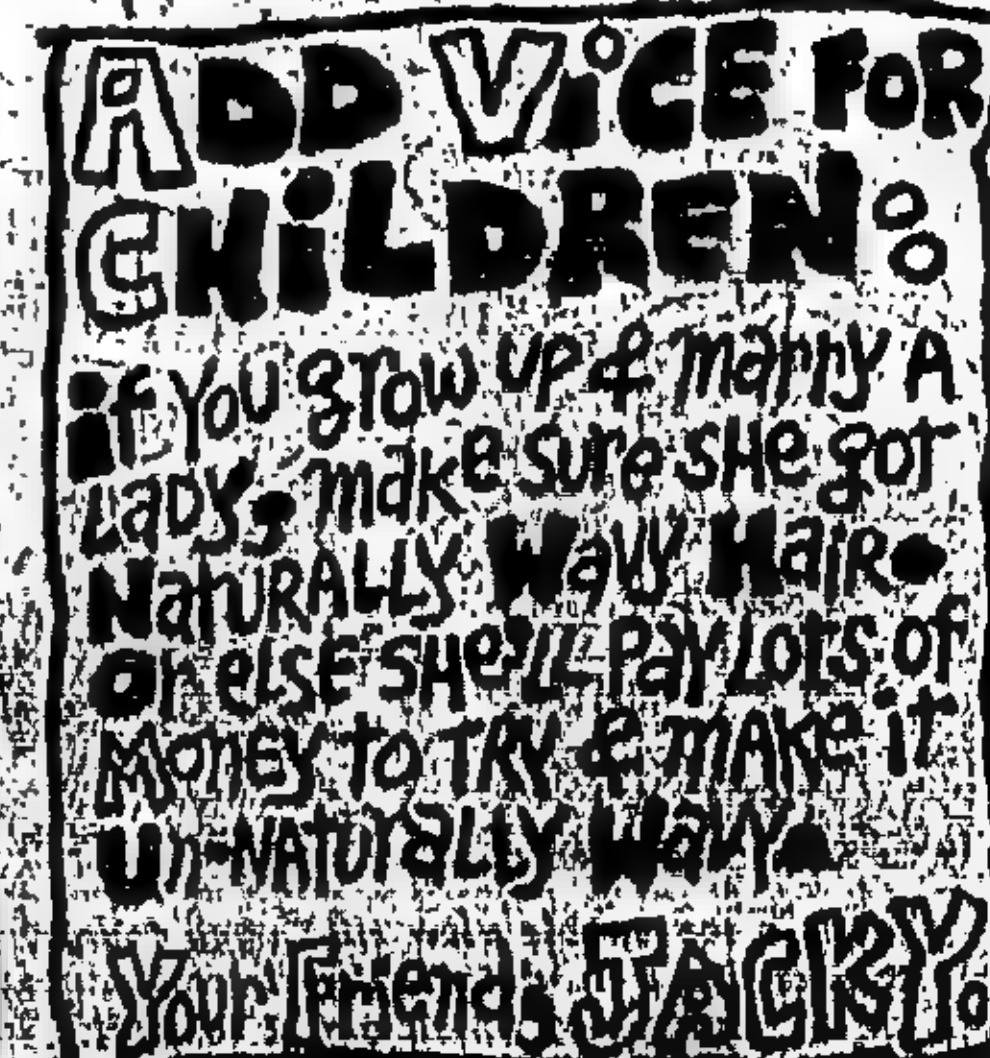
THE First Lady of Swing in the Dorchester's Oliver Song—Miss Ella Fitzgerald. ("Norman in here.") Ella is on tour with her Song Books—Porter, Rodgers and Hart, Berlin, Krupa in Jazz at the Philharmonic. I asked which of her Song Books—Porter, Rodgers and Hart, Berlin, Krupa in Jazz at the Philharmonic. I asked which of her Song Books—Porter, Rodgers and Hart, Berlin, Krupa in Jazz at the Philharmonic.



FINELY A MAN CAME OUT & SAID IT WAS MOMMY'S TURN. JUST HE TIED A BIG TABLE-CLOTH ON HER. THEN HE STARTED INTO GIVE HER HEAD A SHOWER.



AFTER THAT HE PLUGGED IN HER HAIR SO IT WOULD HAVE A PERMANENT WAVE.



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

'BEYOND THE HORIZON' ON MONDAY

MONDAY evening's play is the Eugene O'Neill epic "Beyond The Horizon" starring Mildred Dunnock, Maureen Stapleton and Kevin McCarthy.

Beyond the Horizon was first produced in 1920 and won for the author the then recently established Pulitzer Prize, the highest American award for dramatic excellence.

It and subsequent plays eventually brought the Nobel Prize to the author. Beyond the Horizon is the story of two brothers, the dreamer and the doer, by revealing their roles, they sought to avert tragedy, yet found it waiting at the end.

Jazzman Castaway
After many false starts and despite a certain amount of apathy from the general public, the Hongkong Jazz Club is now firmly established. The current success of this organization is due in no small measure to the untiring efforts of founder Tony Lopez who has long been the driving force behind the committee.

This evening at 7 o'clock Tony will, amongst other things, discuss the early days and the struggle for recognition, and his own life both in and out of Hongkong, as he faces interviewers. Ted Thomas across the microphone in Castaway's choice.

Hethway Speaking
Mr Sylvester Hethway, who lived in a beautiful old house at Chelsea, was a man of keen literary and artistic taste, and who was a friend of many of the prominent writers and artists of the eighteen-sixties and seventies, exists only in the imagination of Sir Max Beerbohm.

This doyen of the literary world, who was born in 1872, at

the end of his talk (broadcast at 9 p.m. Tuesday) asks listeners to forgive him for letting them suppose that Sylvester was a living person.

Through Sir Max, Sylvester speaks of Swinburne, whom he describes as "a strange little creature", of Meredith's impression of Swinburne and then of Rossetti's impression of Meredith. He recalls a meeting between Thomas Carlyle and James Whitistler, then goes on to give interesting glimpses of William Morris, Browning and Tennyson.

Holiday Broadcasting
Next Wednesday is a general holiday, and as is usual on

holidays Radio Hongkong will be broadcasting all day, from 8 a.m. until the normal close-down time of 11.30 p.m.

Wednesday is also the day on which jazz enthusiast Robert Acheson returns to the air with the first of a series of six programmes called "Jazz Journey". Jazz Journey features the type of jazz that compere Robert Acheson met during a recent trip which took him half way around the world.

Leaving Hongkong Robert Acheson compiled and presented the weekly jazz show "Jazz Half Hour", and played the clarinet for the Hongkong Jericho Jazz Band.

Late Night Final
Tonight for the last time in the present series Nick Kendall

will be presenting his choice of popular discs in "Late Night Final".

For six months now Nick has played listeners' requests, read their letters over the air and slipped in a few of his own favourites. This evening he looks back through the files and chooses the records which he has most enjoyed since the show began.

Late Night Final is at 10.15 p.m.

The Concert Hall

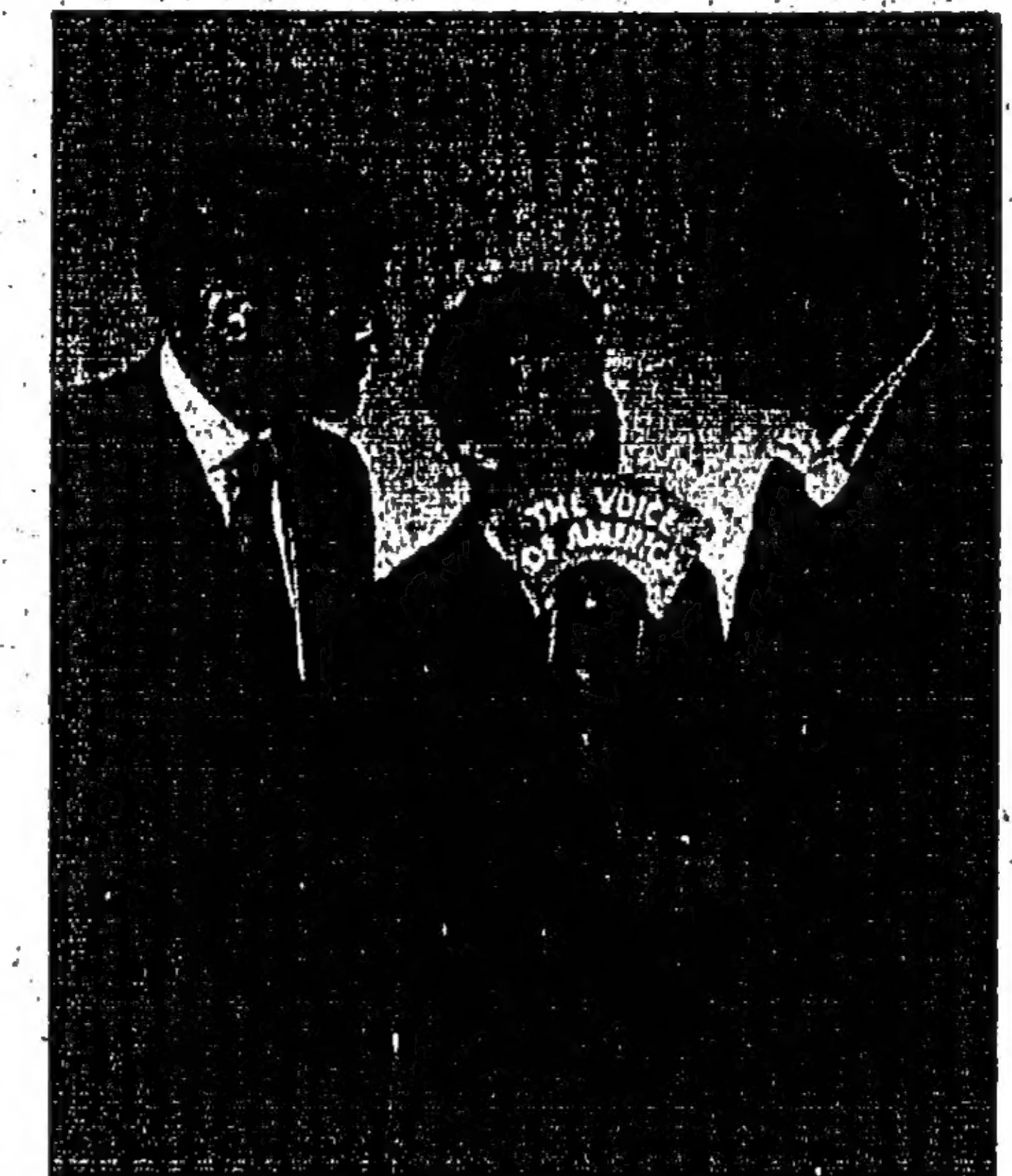
Each Wednesday evening at nine o'clock Radio Hongkong goes over to the Concert Hall, from where Irene Yuen introduces a recital given by one or more of the musicians currently in Hongkong.

This week's recital is a departure from the usual practice of featuring a solo or single accompanied performer. It is a programme of music given by the Hongkong Oratorio Society under their conductor the Rev. L. G. McKinnon.

The Oratorio Society has already performed many well known oratorios here in Hongkong, and in Wednesday evening's broadcast they will sing selections from St Matthew's Passion by Bach, Haydn's The Seasons, Brahms' Requiem and Elijah by Mendelssohn.

Telephone Requests

Have you been disappointed in not having your request played on one of the request programmes? Well, don't blame the disc jockeys—they're doing their best, but they can only



"Beyond the Horizon"—Andrew Mayo, played by Richard Kilty, tells his brother, Robert, played by Kevin McCarthy, of his plans to marry the girl they both love, played by Maureen Stapleton. The scene is from the radio adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon", to be broadcast on Monday evening by Radio Hongkong.

read a limited number of letters in the course of a programme. If all the requests were read out there wouldn't be time for any music!

Starting from July 8, however, you have a chance not only to be sure of having your requests played, but also to make your own dedication. If you will write to Bill Dorward, "Just for You," P.O. Box 200, and give him your telephone

number and the title of the song you would like to have played, Bill will call you on the Friday evening before the programme, arrange to have your own voice make the dedication over the telephone, and play it on the air on his regular Saturday programme from 2 to 3 p.m. So why not drop him a postcard today with your phone number and the title of the song you would like?

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(On 25.750 Mc/s. 11.65m and 21.550 Mc/s. 13.92m)

SATURDAY, JUNE 27

7.30 p.m. Kenneth Horne Unit that begins with "BEYOND OUR KEN". And to prove it Kenneth Williams, Hugh Hodge, Billy Merson, Bill Fettes, and Patricia Lancaster support him in a sort of radio show.

8.00 p.m. NEWS
8.05 COMMENTARY
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.20 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
8.30 COMMENTARY.

8.35 THE TED HEATH SHOW.
8.40 THE NEWS.
8.45 COMMENTARY.
8.50 WEEKEND REVIEW.
8.55 THE WORLD OF THE WEEK.
9.00 COMPOSERS OF THE WEEK.

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9.10 RADIO NEWSREEL.
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In a series of programmes Arthur Jacobs presents portraits of leading orchestras in London and the Provinces. The London Mozart Players and The Haydn Orchestra.

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Today

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 880 kilocycles per second.)

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Monday

12.30 p.m. COMPOSER CAVALCADE.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL.

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1.10 TIME SIGNAL.

Crucial Bowls Match For IRC "A" Today

TAKE ON K.D.C. AT THE HUNGHOM GREEN

By ROBERT TAY

The spotlight turns on Indian Recreation Club "A" this afternoon as the Colony lawn bowls league season approaches the halfway mark.

Now at the top of the first division league table with 29 points from seven matches, can the Indians hold on to their lead during their next two games to put themselves in a strong position for the title in the second round?

I believe that these two matches will either make or break the Indians' bid for the premier league honours this year.

More Important

For them, their match against Kowloon Dock this afternoon will perhaps be more important than their remaining first-round game against Recreo next Saturday. For today they will be tackling their opponents on the Hunghom green, where the dockmen have been unbeatable so far.

A win will not only give the Indians the much needed points but what is more valuable still, the confidence to beat Recreo "A" in their home match next week. So far they have lost only one match and that was three weeks ago against Craighower in their first and only away match out of their seven matches played.

Since then, they have found what seemed to be an improved line-up in two of their four with A. K. Minu and M. B. Hassan swapping their number twos and threes. A. R. Kitchell appeared to be more at home in his role as No. 3 to A. K. Minu. Although the opposition in their last two weeks' games were not exceptionally strong, the Indians did very well to collect full points from both KCC and Talook Club.

Top Class Bowls

The Dock bowlers are playing top class bowls at the moment, and last week's complete playing last week at Recreo, they even won with a 4-1 or even a 5-0 victory when A. Skeoch's four collapsed in the second half of the game to give Recreo "A" a 3-2 victory.

On the whole, the two teams are about even in leads and No. 2's, but with the possible exception of Skeoch's four, the Dock are slightly superior in the matter of three and skipper.

Unless therefore, the Indian three and skipper rise to the occasion and strike their nearest form, a 4-1 victory for the dockmen is extremely likely.

The draw may play an important part, for if Jeff Hooten's four, who have been producing consistently good bowls so far, draw Skeoch's four, they are fully capable of carrying the IRC side through to a 3-2 victory.

Recreo 'A' Favoured

In the other first division matches, second-placed Recreo "A", who are one and half points behind IRC "A" will be given a fine opportunity this afternoon to narrow the gap.

On paper, they should be able to collect four if not five points from KBGC in a home match, as the Bowling Club twelve are still struggling to find their form and best possible combinations.

The unpredictable KBGC twelve, however, have in the past always been in some surprising performance against

top teams and Recreo "A" in particular have invariably been the victims. The ability of G. F. Leale to play in today's game at No. 2 to Peter Hughes will strengthen the KBGC team a little, but I doubt very much if the Austin Road Club twelve, on their current form, are capable of pulling off an upset victory.

Close Finish

Craighower are good for at least four points in their home game against Filipino Club but the KCC versus Recreo "B" game of Cox Road may be fought out to a very close finish with the Cricket Club enjoying only a very slight edge over the fast-improving Recreo "B" side.

The remaining first division game will see the two winless teams IRC "B" and Talook Club fighting it out at the Soekampoo green for their first win of the season.

This will also be a crucial game as far as they are concerned as a 5-0 win for either team will enable that team to stave off the threat of relegation to a great extent.

Talook look like being the likely 4-1 winners here. In the second division games, long-time leading Hongkong Football Club will have a fairly easy job maintaining their leadership when they take on PRC "B" at the Police green. Five points are well within their reach.

Main Interest

The main interest will be centred on the fight for the second place in the league table. Hongkong Police Sports Association, the present occupiers of that berth will be at home to the improved USRC twelve and their green advantage in their favour ought to chalk up their third successive win in their last three matches.

PRC "A" one and half points behind HKPSA, but with one match in hand, have quite a task on their hands when they entertain the fourth-placed Filipino Club at the Valley.

This should turn out to be the best game in the second division, with either side capable of scoring a 4-1 win.

The Police team, however, have a very strong four in S. G. Mills, R. L. Russell, R. G. Laurel and F. W. Hollands who are fully capable of carrying their side through.

At Cox Road, Craighower Cricket Club, after their brilliant victory over HKFC last weekend, will start as slight favourites over KCC in the remaining second division match.

Third Division

Highlight of the third division programme will be provided by the match between unbeaten league-leaders KDC and fourth-placed IRC at Soekampoo. Although the odds are in favour of the Dock team, the youthful IRC side are not incapable of handing the dockmen their first defeat of the season, particularly when green advantage is such an important factor.

With second-placed Stanley Club enjoying a bye, Hongkong Electric Club will undoubtedly go all out to take at least three points from their match against Hongkong Football Club to climb into second position. It will not be an easy proposition, as the Football Club are quite a formidable team, but on current form the odds for a 4-1 win lie slightly in favour of the Electric Club men.

ENGLAND'S EASY TEST VICTORIES HAVE NOT HIDDEN THE FAILURES

By ALEX BANNISTER

When I asked an English selector to confirm that the team for the third Test (July 2 at Leeds) will be picked this Sunday he answered: "Yes, and our meeting looks like going on for ever!"

It is an extraordinary fact that two comfortable victories over India—the second inside three days at Lord's—should have confirmed only the known strengths and suspected weaknesses in this initial trial-and-error period.

In the long run we shall be grateful for the fact that the ease of the victories have not hidden the failures. On the credit side, we have in May and Cowdrey, whose final stand was the largest of the surprise Lord's match, two of the world's greatest batsmen. Ken Barrington has arrived. But that's the end of the batting.

Trueman and Statham continue to be match-winning fast bowlers. Most of the bowlers are in splendid form, and his experience, his ability to play fast bowling and his excellent fielding must place him high in the reckoning.

The selectors will NOT fall for the dangerous temptation of prematurely choosing John

of his five appearances for England in 1951, will be restored. This 33-year-old batsman is in splendid form, and his experience, his ability to play fast bowling and his excellent fielding must place him high in the reckoning.

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COWDREY'S SIX EARNS HIM 50



Colin Cowdrey hits a six off Gupte to reach his 50 in his second innings third wicket Test-winning stand with Peter May in the second Test match against India at Lord's last week.

Cowdrey remained unbeaten with 63 not out in England's second innings total of 108 runs for two wickets to enable England to win by eight wickets.

Olympic Games A Living Lie, Says Johnson

By J. L. MANNING

If all the please-don't-quote-me mutterings inside athletics are any indication of its troubles, the Duke of Edinburgh as President of the British Board sits in the hottest seat in sport. Begging his pardon, but he must be thinking how nice it would be to swap presidential places even with the Duke of Devonshire (lawn tennis) and Mr Joe Richards (Football League).

What is happening in British athletics is a three-way split—among officials, coaches, and athletes. Only the coaches and athletes seem to be getting on well together, which at least is some relief. Prince Philip knows quite a bit about all this, and there are not a few who think that before long all those concerned in squabbles, jealousies, and suspicions will receive a crack of his leadership. "It so happens that my most interesting sports talk this week was with Derek Johnson, our best-informed Olympic athlete and a medical student at London Hospital.

Four Wrongs

What is going on? I asked him. And the 26-year-old Johnson, something of an intellectual, trade union leader as secretary of the International Athletics Club, had his answers ready. "I've never had any real difficulty in passing examinations."

"I'm appalled by what is happening (the split), and it's been going on since the war."

What has happened? "First, incompetent administration. Athletics expanded fast after the war, but it is being run by the same bunch of officials who were in charge before the war, and they just haven't enough imagination."

"Second, a few officials, who have to impose strict amateur-

Not A Flicker

Johnson says all this without a flicker of his eyelids. He's a real cool one is Johnson, but his analysis is sound. I pressed him about coaching because I heard the other day that one member of the board contemptuously referred to coaching as "a lot of idology." Johnson went on:

"We don't want the American system in Britain but that's no reason for slighting the national and honorary coaches almost at every opportunity."

"Officials should enlist the aid of coaches and not regard them as threats to their own position."

"It's tragic that the status of the coach is high only in the estimation of the athletes here and of authorities abroad."

"It is absolutely essential that all professional national coaches are taken to major championships and that at least two go to international fixtures."

"I don't see how the public, who through taxation is paying for most of the coaching system, will be cheated."

It's some criticism! But it's not only Johnson's. It's mine, too.

Johnson is not merely destructive. For he says: "There must be a channel through which the young, intelligent ex-international can make his way into the top councils of athletics."

"It is wrong to think that because a man has been 30 years an administrator he knows all the answers. I could take singing lessons for as long, yet still make the cut screen."

Johnson thinks his club can help to bridge the widening gaps in athletics. Just like that.

Some Cheat But not all the trouble is to be found in Britain. Mr Avery Brundage, American president of the International Olympic committee, said recently: "The amateur sportsman does not want to waste his time as professional entertainer... because some cheat, that is no reason for changing the laws."

"Brundage" is a respected idealist, says Johnson. "But you cannot talk idealism to Iron Curtain countries and the American collegiate system. If he really is sincere he should resign from the Olympic committee, and let the State, college, and industry sponsored athletes."

Finally, a historical note from our half-millennium modern: "There was no question of the Ancient Greeks making the Olympic Games an amateur festival. By definition, therefore, the title of the modern Games is a misnomer."

"We are living a lie if we rely, believe the Olympic Games is an amateur festival. This pretence does more moral harm than would the outright recognition that professionals are taking part in every sport in the Olympic movement."

"There will always be a place for amateurs, but it is not practical for their place, to be at the pinnacle of sport. Something has to go—and it is always amateurism."

He thinks that is no need to add to Johnson's words.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Men's Leagues

1st Division: Recreo "A" v KDC, CCC v FC, KCC v Recreo "B", IRC "B" v FC, KCC v IRC "A", 2nd Division: KCC v CCC, PRC "B" v HKFC, PRC "A" v FC, HKPSA v USRC

3rd Division: CCC v HKCC, IRC v KDC, HKFC v HKC, KCC v FC

Ladies League

1st Division: KDC v CCC "A", CCC "B" v USRC, KCC v FC 2nd Division: CCC v KCC, Recreo v USRC, HKFC v PRC

SUMMER LEAGUE SOFTBALL

Unimpressive Performance By Seminoles Despite 18-5 Win Over Knights

By OLLY VAS

The Knights had a perfectly legitimate excuse to lose their first ever softball match on Thursday, because of gross inexperience but I must say that I was greatly surprised by the unimpressive performance of the Seminoles who emerged victors in the fifth summer league game played off at King's Park, by the one-sided score of 18 runs to five.

The Seminoles were not taking any chances, but Vic Pedruco might as well have used up his time more profitably than as a spectator for there was nothing to enthuse about this game in which the Seminoles did not need his services.

First Home Run

The winners batted first and by the time the third inning got under way were ahead 5-0 but two rounding doubles by the opposition and some loose fielding by the Seminoles permitted the Knights to score four runs to lower the margin to 5-4.

Lanky Seminole pitcher Lal Dayaram then had to face only nine batters in the next two innings, the fourth and fifth while his team-mates banged out five hits good for seven more runs to have the score-bored read 12-4 at the next break frame opened with the Seminoles clearly on top.

Johnny Santos of the Knights then connected solidly in the bottom of the sixth inning for a home run, the first in this year's summer league, Seminoles centre-fielder Eddie Rosario could only watch helplessly as

the ball zoomed over his head while Santos rounded the bases. This blow to the ball and to the Seminoles' prestige was apparently a little too much for the winners who then proceeded to take the game seriously and went on to tally five more runs to bring the contest to a close without conceding any more runs to the Knights.

The Seminoles, even with Pedruco pitching in their 'tough' matches, will have to look to their laurels if they entertain any hopes of beating South China or the Cheyennes.

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As for the Knights they need not be discouraged. They had a bad case of pre-game nerves, squalling after opposition which did not come their way. It would be unwise to form an opinion of their future prospects on the strength of a single showing.

The only thing obvious about their play was that it needs polishing up—and plenty of it, too.

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SPORTS QUIZ

- Who became the first man to fly the Atlantic 40 years ago?
- What is the cricket term for an off-break delivered with a leg-break action?
- Joe Louis defended the world heavyweight title 20 times. How many of these fights did he lose?
- How many Test matches have India's cricketers won in England?
- With what events do you chiefly associate these athletes: (a) Jim Peters, (b) Arthur Rowe, (c) Siegfried Valentin?
- Anagrams. Who are these "mixed-up" giants of sport: (a) MSA DSANE, (b) NATU GINOEA, (c) SOLIUE HORBUG?
- What event would you have to win to hold "The Hen-shaw Cup"?
- In which sports do you use: (a) a shuttlecock, (b) a lock, (c) a reel?
- How many balls are used in snooker?
- Pair these mixed-up Christian names and surnames of world famous sportsmen: Bussey, Bailey, Coppi, Mortenson, McDonald, Faulstich, Hogan, Stanley. (Answers on Page 17)



PARKHOUSE—deserves a Test place.

Erich, despite his fantastic record. While he has many tremendous qualities, including guts and a seasoned temperament, he is enjoying beginner's luck, and is not yet good enough. His time will assuredly come.

A Likely Pair

Another possible is left-handed Brian Stott, of Yorkshire, but he has always made the mistake of hitting his big scores when the selectors (as a body) were not present!

He is much happier facing quick bowling than slow. Two who could solve England's batting problem—write selectors!

They were the Rev. David Sheppard and Peter Richardson now "qualifying for Kent."

Richardson's absence from regular first-class cricket this summer does not rule him out of the probabilities for the West Indies.

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NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Notice to Members

Australian Subscription Pointers 1969

The Stewards have ordered a batch of 120 Australian Subscription Pointers to race in 1969 and they now invite Members to subscribe for them.

Application forms may be obtained from the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House, 8th Floor.

The Subscription List will close at NOON on Tuesday, 30th June, 1969.

By Order of the Stewards, A. B. ARNOLD, Secretary.



SPORTS TRAIT

"After all the names you've called that poor little boy, you're lucky for you it hasn't come to civil action."

London Express cartoon

Top Form

The same principle can be applied to cricket. Somerset's Yorkshire-born opener, rich in promise and clearly a future Test player.

Mr. Foreman is that Gilbert Parkhouse, who made the test

POP—Bridge Fend

Elis

STOP! I'LL GET YOUR PROBLEMS ARE NO WORSE THAN MINE

MY WIFE FORGOT TO REMIND ME YOURS

I DON'T KNOW SHE'S NEVER MENTIONED YOU

By Gog

In China they say "bear jou" 酒牌

In Hong Kong they say "Crisberg"

In China they say "bear jou" 酒牌

In Hong Kong they say "Crisberg"

SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

*Here Is News To Gladden
The Younger Hearts—
And Some Older Ones, Too*

Hongkong enjoys a wide variety of sporting activities. It could very well claim to have something for everyone yet somehow we go on adding new events and new ideas to our calendar.

In recent years we have introduced the walkathon and the international marathon to our already packed schedule of major attractions and, if a group of prominent local business folks have their way, we are going to have another great new spectacle in the very near future.

This time, however, it will not be an event made attractive by the big names involved, for, although the planners envisage something on a lavish scale, the actual competitors will really be unknowns. They will in fact be the youngsters of the Colony... and the new event will be the HONG-KONG SOAP BOX DERBY.

Idea Born

During Sports Box on Television last Friday there was a pictorial report on the 1958 Soap Box Derby in Manila and it happened that a gentleman who takes a special interest in the welfare of the younger

element in our community was having a party at his house. The strange thing was that he had actually been in Manila when the Soap Box Derby took place and, while he had been impressed by the enthusiasm which it obviously aroused, he did not quite appreciate the full potential of its attraction until he had had a second look at it on television.

From that moment things moved fast. The Hongkong version of the Soap Box Derby became the sole topic of the party and immediate plans were started to inaugurate such an event here. Preliminary discussions were held almost right away and

BATTLING IN AGONY

A winco with every stroke. That was the 90 minutes' agony endured by India's Nari Contractor at Lord's during the second Test match last week. He started

his innings with a cracked rib, then was hit on the left hand by one of Freddie Trueman's faster balls. Spasms of pain "kicked" his left hand after every shot.



By

I. M. MACTAVISH

with the idea being enthusiastically received on all sides, there seems little doubt that we shall soon be able to boast another top class occasion in our midst.

Just in case some of you do not know what a Soap Box Derby is let me explain briefly that nowadays the title is rather misleading although in the beginning it was in fact a race for soap boxes on wheels.

Today, however, it is very much a case of "time marches on" and the current crop of youngsters are no longer content with the simplicity of a square box on four wheels. They have streamlined their machines in accordance with modern trends. They have also rigged themselves out in uniforms which often give them the appearance of professional drivers.

Let me add that the famous British driver has nothing over the young hopefuls when it comes to daring, determination, enthusiasm for speed and the sheer thrill of racing.

Basic Feature

In spite of the modern touches the basic feature of gravity power still holds sway and the skill in getting to the winning line ahead of the opposition lies in the driver's ability to handle his "machine" with dexterity and nimbleness.

I am certain a Hongkong Soap Box Derby will be a great public attraction as well as a feast of enjoyment for the budding speedsters who are in the 11 to 15 age group.

The people behind the venture are citizens of the highest integrity. They are interested for no reason other than the satisfaction and pleasure the event will inspire... and let me tell all hopeful entrants that their eyes will glow when they see the proposed prize list.

The scheme is still very much in the embryo stage. The incentive and the enthusiasm are present in generous measure but a great deal of planning must still be done: official sanction must be sought; and a full organising committee must be built up.

That means time... time for Johnny... Willie... Alberto... and all their pals of all the nationalities represented in this great cosmopolitan community of ours to get down to the job of building "The" model and getting in the necessary practice

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



which will lead to great things on the big day.

Watch out Mother... when Tom and Dad say they are going to get on their soap box it will no longer mean they are going to make a boring speech.

There has been much speculation in Far East

Soo and Charlesworth should make an excellent combination. They will have plenty in common to talk about... and I'm sure the tall blond goalkeeper will do a lot to make Soo's first managerial appointment a happy and successful one.

There have been some interesting reactions to my article last week in which I wrote about a reader's suggestion for a star rationing system in Colony football.

One active official summarily dismissed the proposal as "rubbish" and gave it as his opinion that it could never work while another gentleman, from the same club incidentally, saw it as a really constructive suggestion that could go a long way to making the First Division a worthwhile competition instead of a one-horse race.

Divided Opinion

Opinion was as widely divided as that. There were those folk who liked the policy of basic numerical equality behind the idea and there were those who dismissed it, usually on the grounds that it would be too hard to make it work.

That I believe is where they are very wrong for, as has been pointed out to me by a prominent member of the Hongkong Police Sports Association, the idea has in fact been in use for a long time in both miniature football and Summer League competitions.

It works in these competitions simply because the officials are strong enough to make it work. Rationing of star performers is a rule of the competition. It is accepted by the clubs involved and the keenness of the competition is increased accordingly.

Another Letter

Let me now quote without comment from a short concise letter I received during the week. "I do not know if what your correspondent suggests is the answer to Hongkong's ailing football but I do hope the Hongkong Football Association realises how low it has dropped in recent years."

"Another two or three seasons like the one that has just finished and our local competitions will be written off completely if only because they will no longer be worth watching. Something has to be done."

"If the rationing of stars is the answer then let us have it! It isn't let us set about finding something that is. I like my football and I hate to see it dying on its feet for lack of the right 'treatment'."

Well, I am pleased to see that our reader's thoughtful suggestion has encouraged others to do some urgent thinking too...

HARRY CARPENTER SEES THE OTHER SIDE OF OLMEDO HIS VERDICT...

The Profile Is A Shy, Early To Bed Type

Tennis and night clubbing don't mix," sighed Alex (The Profile) Olmedo. "Tens of thousands of people go to bed—just like me. I'm afraid he's right. The handsome young man from Peru, now burdened with Wimbledon favouritism, expressed soft-spoken amazement that I should have got the impression he liked women, wine and tennis in that order.

Mind you, 23-year-old Olmedo was sitting on a lighted stove at the time. Perhaps he was trying to keep his allegedly hot blood on the boil. It's not easy to live up to a Latin-lover reputation on a rainy day in so respectable Beckenham where he was playing recently.

Bone-Warmer

Luis Alejandro Olmedo Rodriguez has certainly warmed the cold bones of amateur tennis since he left Arequipa, Peru's second largest city, in 1954 to chase a ball and further his education in California. Last winter, in three weeks' superb effort, he retrieved the Davis Cup for America (for whom he plays under residential qualification) and rubbed Australia's nose deeper in the dust by lifting their singles title.

How about that lady-killer reputation? Should I tell the British public he is not interested in our girls?

"No, no," said Olmedo, teeth gleaming in the dark face. "That might put them off. In fact, I'm a very shy boy, and if I'm to be friendly with a girl, she must take the initiative."

fact, I'm a very shy boy, and if I'm to be friendly with a girl, she must take the initiative."

Anita Sets Sights On World Title

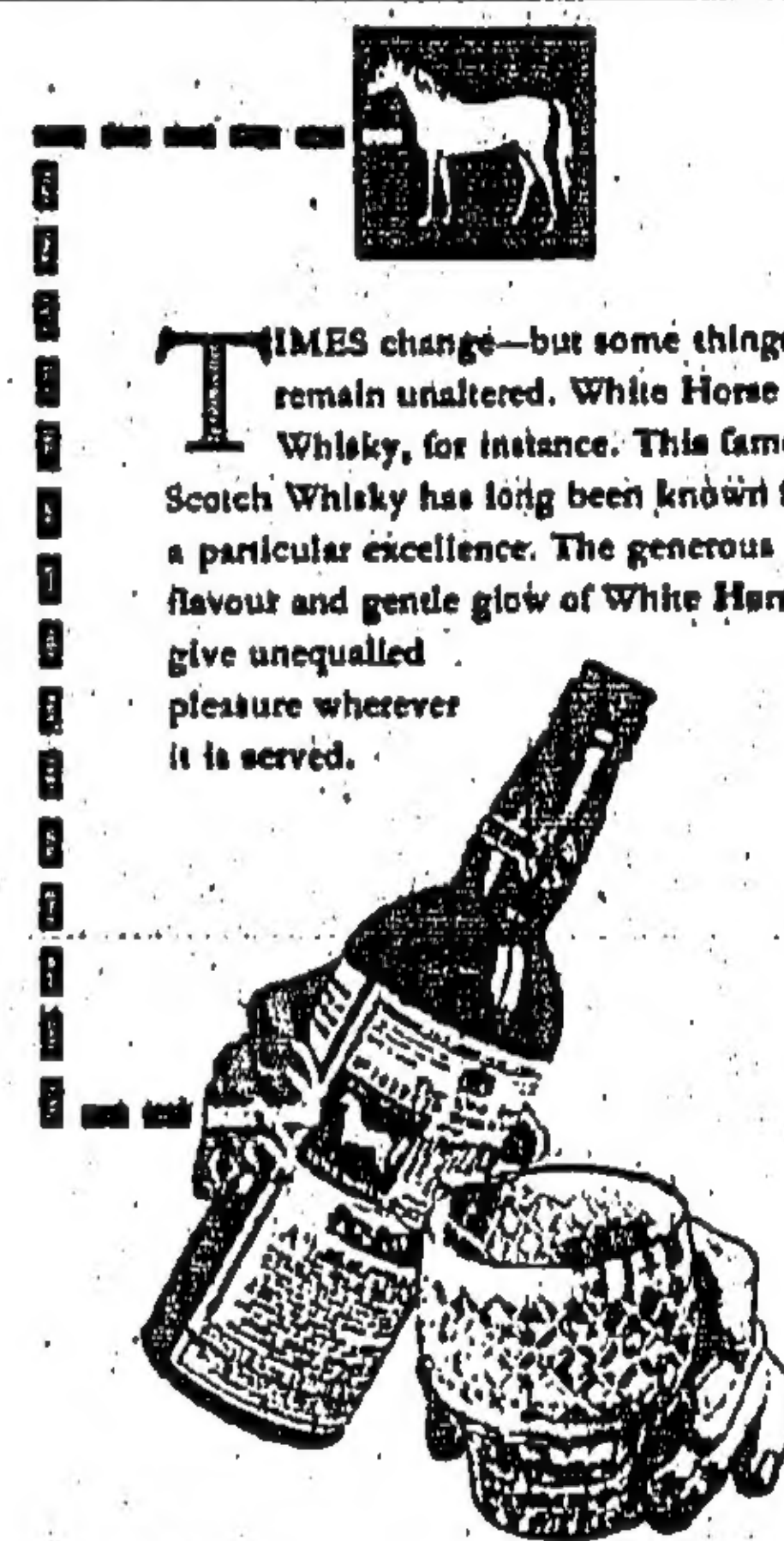
By PAT BESFORD

NEXT target for Empire champion Anita Leabrook, who broke her own British 200 yards breast stroke record in Liverpool last week, is a world record.

That is what her coach, Ray Scholey, told me after Anita had knocked one fifth of a second off her time of last July, clocking 2min. 50.0sec. to help England (38pts.) retain the lake-country speed swimming contest for the Bologna trophy against Scotland (28) and Wales (17).

"She'll do it in July," forecast Scholey. "Either at the Grand Prix de Paris on the 12th or against Holland at Walswijk on the 25th."

Anita's time in the 33 1/3 yard Dovecot Baths, Liverpool, is equivalently better than the 2min. 51.3sec. 200 metre world record of Holland's Ada den Haan.



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THE GAMBOLS . . . By Barry Appleby



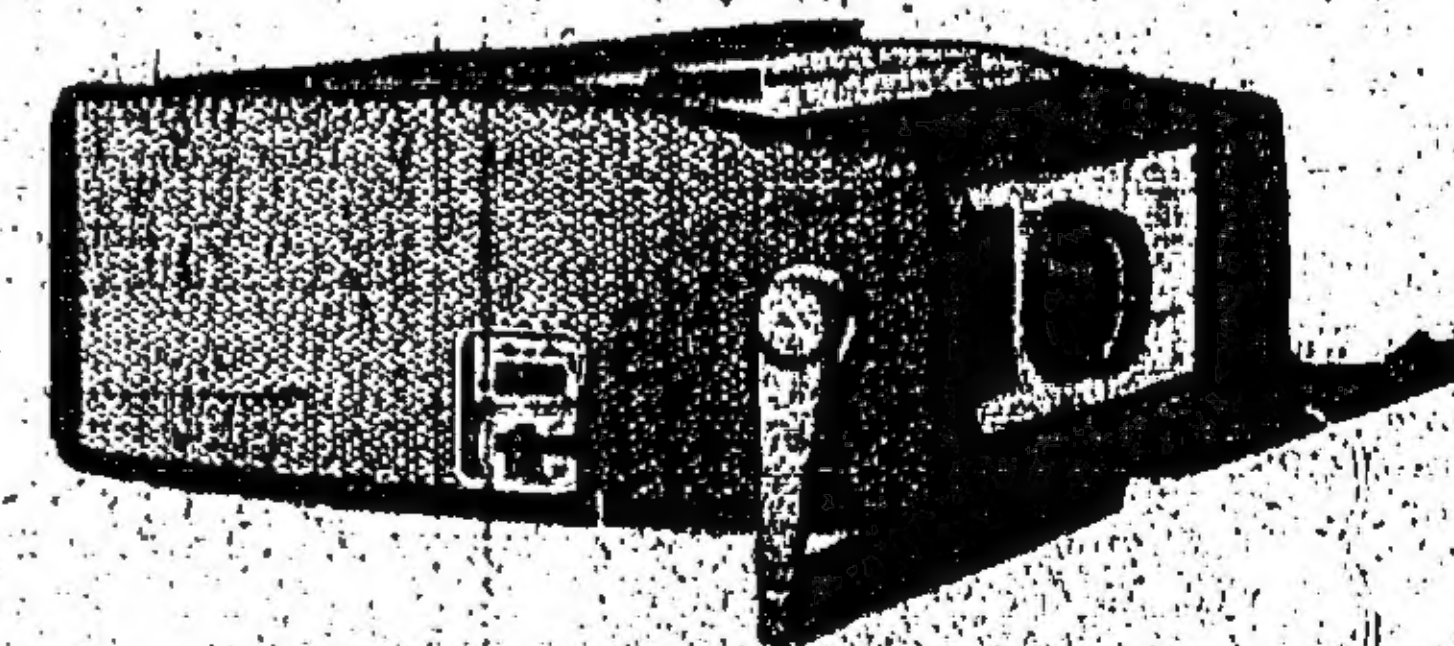
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